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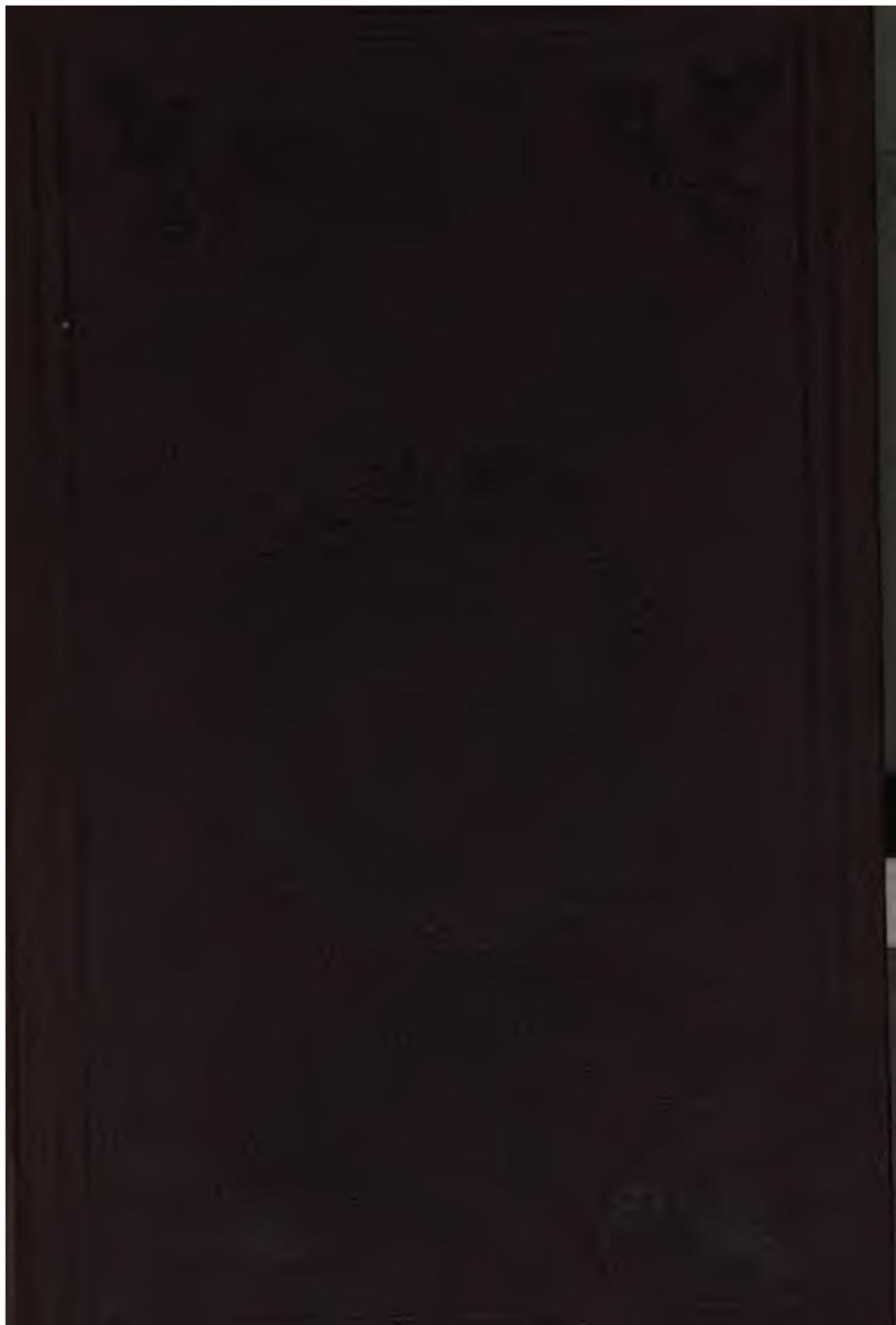
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6000831001







HOPE'S HAPPY HOME

AND

OTHER POEMS



HOPE'S HAPPY HOME

AND

OTHER POEMS

BY

KENNETH M'LACHLAN

AUTHOR OF 'THE PROGRESS OF THE SCIENCES,' 'SCENES OF THE CITY
BY NIGHT,' ETC., ETC.

Second Edition.



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*The Author received the following Letters for an Ode which
was written by him on the Marriage of the Prince of Wales,
which piece is in this volume :*

LETTER FROM THE QUEEN.

*Sir Charles Phipps has received the Queen's commands to
acknowledge Mr Kenneth M'Lachlan for the excellent verses
written by him, and to thank him for them.*

OSBORNE, 20th July 1863.

LETTER FROM THE PRINCE OF WALES.

FROGMORE, 18th July 1863.

*Mr Herbert Fisher is desired by His Royal Highness the
Prince of Wales to thank Mr M'Lachlan for the Ode which he
has been so kind as to write, and which was read here with
much pleasure.*

LETTER FROM THE REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

DUNDEE, 20th October 1864.

DEAR SIR—I have newly gone through your Poems, and shall
give you now my honest verdict on them. I find in them very
considerable merit, many excellent passages, and a general
genuine spirit of enthusiasm which is highly creditable to your
powers, and shews very considerable poetical reading. The
public is now very fastidious in the matter of poetry—I would
strongly advise you to continue to study, and shew the results
to the world in careful composition.

I am,

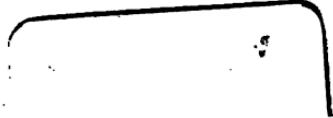
Dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

GEORGE GILFILLAN.



6000831001





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HOPE'S HAPPY HOME

AND

OTHER POEMS.

HOPE'S HAPPY HOME.

I DREAMT I climbed duration's mountain steep,
While beamed the sun upon the birth of day,
Nations were scattered round me, and from sleep
Millions arose, the proud, the grave, the gay,
To ease, to luxury, to care, to toil ;
Kings to their thrones, and statesmen to the pen ;
And virtue cheered the cottage with her smile ;
And crime rose to his rags in sunless den
To growl or plot in secret deeds of guile ;
And each one kept a motive in his ken,
Which promised rich rewards, or fortune's lofty style.

There came a sagelike being round this hill,
In endless circle still his walk was on ;
Instinctively I followed, and he still
Kept on his path, and ever and anon
He turned his eyes upon me. There was youth
And beaming intellect, the wondrous gaze
Of grave experience, and the force of truth
Commanding love and mystery to amaze,
Deep in his awful glance. Said he : Forsooth,
Thou hast come hither, wanderer, in the haze
Of dark delusion, seeking for the home of happy
days.

The home of hope is in the distance, where
Earth's weary travellers to its pleasures stray,
And rear their palaces in ambient air ;
And as the chamois-hunters seek their prey,
Some for rewards, and honours, and the speech
Of big applause, upclimb yon far-off peak
Of immortality, which few can reach ;
Through care, and poverty, and perils seek
A twig of laurel there : with none to teach
Their wandering steps, they thus, from day to week,
Toil on to stumble over disappointment's creek.

My name is Time, whose checkered long career
Has passed through ages numberless, and change
Of scene and circumstance from year to year
Have crowded on me varied and strange ;
And down dark Lethe's stream has rolled away
Into oblivion's gulf, much strange event
That shook the world with wonder, while the sway
Of power o'erwhelmèd reason, and was sent
The towering genius on life's rugged way ;
But as the aloe of an age that spent
Its years from bud to bloom, yet undiscovered went.

Afar and round, wher'er the eye may turn,
Are mires and pitfalls set in winding ways,
All seek yon hill of hope, long-cherished bourne,
But have not strength or power to reach its base ;
See towering conquerors rise amid the proud,
Through turmoil and commotion, seas of blood,
Carnage, and death, and malice, and the crowd
Of struggling hosts, as hosts before have stood ;
Press on for glory's baubles, thunder loud
The war-cry of revenge, and like a flood,
Sweep freedom's holy cause, and all that's grand and
good.

Unchanging as duration's eminence,
I hold the scroll of dynasties in hand,
The roll of those who reigned, and who will hence
Fill up the number ; and this glass of sand,
Big with events in every grain that fell,
Hath told a world's history, as the stream
Of generations flowed, till none could tell
How life did on in varied channels teem
And branching veins unnumbered, through each dell
And vale in distant climes, where it would seem
That mortal foot for ages had not been.

Where tribes and kingdoms were, and died away,
As streams may vanish in a sandy bed,
Who sought hope's happy home, but where are
they ?
Gone like a dream ; and history hath not said
Where lies the spot of earth on which they stood.
Now from their ashes, like the phoenix, spring
New cities into being, and the flood
Of life is rising, and the anvils ring,
Where regions were of forest solitude ;
Futurity and hope, now smiling, bring
Prosperity and peace on angel's golden wing.

Man in the future seeks his better fate,
But from its dark recesses yet revealed,
His perils, joys, and sorrows, soon or late,
Shall burst upon him full and unconcealed ;
For it is mine to play with each event,
Relieve aspiring motives into sight,
Conjure each new-made wonder hither sent,
Whose glories I display, which, by my sleight
Produced and reproduced, in shreds are rent,
As spring up new delusions into light,
And vanish to oblivion's dark and dreary night.

Here all around is motion, and the throngs
Of life and labour, and the gloom of care ;
Right battling might for justice to his wrongs ;
And change still superseding things that were ;
And still between the gleams of passing joys
Comes disappointment's clouds and sorrow's tear ;
And still new efforts adverse fate destroys ;
And still new charms hope's smile doth ever wear ;
New comforts sad adversity alloys ;
All to the future home of hope do steer,
As motive, like the needle, guides their voyage
here.

The crowd indifferent to each other's fate,
Simplicity the dupe of the unkind ;
Fame crushed by envy's sneer and bitter hate ;
Men of the world, unfaithful as the wind,
With affectation's artful borrowed smile,
Well schooled in tactics, put the manner on
To seem what all admire, and win the while
The fame for virtues they have never known ;
Whose frigid souls attend to craft and guile,
Till every thought of latent love is gone,
Slaves of the hollow heart who live for self alone.

Delusion pacing on a milk-white steed,
With smiling soft persuasion in her eyes,
By jewelled gauds presents attractive meed,
And each to win her charms with others vies,
She scatters round her pearls of delight ;
And all pursue the phantom thin as air,
Whose angel smiles of beauty still invite,
As fortune-hunters follow to her snare,
In hot haste chasing in the fancy flight,
Deeming the home of happiness is where
She bids them rest in peace, the burdens of the
care.

And quibblers think the happy home to find
Through tenet forms of creeds : then she displays
Her phantom ~~ism~~ floating on the wind,
Till, lost in thick confusion's 'wilder'ing haze,
She leaves them singly battling for their cause,
Seeking the smiles or succour of the proud,
And immortality, in loud huzzas
Which melt and vanish like the scattered cloud,
And die upon the air. Then comes the pause,
And fame's long ringing echo, once so loud,
Is heard, but heard unnoted, by the changing crowd.

All wait and wonder what I next may bring
To charm or startle—what created news
Or novelty may into being spring
In my diorama of dissolving views ;
And through the world's commotions, and the hum,
All look for great events that grow and fade ;
He who would know the scene ere it may come,
Half throws its coming beauties in the shade,
Anticipation gilds the future sum
Of happiness, to love and fortune wed,
With hope's sweet home of peace in some calm
sylvan glade.

--

Oft when the gloom o'ercasts the present scene,
Man sails unknown to pleasure's sunny bay,
As oft 'mid gladness grief will intervene,
To dash his joys of revelry away.

Good, steady, yet mysterious is the bent
Of God in all things : should His mercy cool,
His scourge of wrath is but the chastisement
To curb man's vanity, and tame the fool
Who leaps at random. Joy and bliss are sent
To soothe despair, whilst prudence is the rule
Uncertainty doth teach in nature's frugal school.

Why would frail mortals learn their future sphere,
To wrap around their present peace a cloud ;
To cover the despondent veil o'er prospects dear,
Before the time ; see death in sable shroud ?
Experience, as the voice of Heaven, cries,
Whate'er is best to learn, mankind hath got ;
Why sacrifice the bliss of sweet surprise,
When sudden fortune spring up in his lot,
Or long-lost friends as from the dead arise,
And all the loss he felt in them is not,
And joyful meetings come which ne'er can be
forgot ?

Thus all do seek that home of happy bliss,
Which hope hath built on her enchanted land,
Fain would they rest the woes and cares of this
Life's burden on its fruitful sunny strand,
To enjoy the luscious plenty of her shores ;
For all the honey-sweets of life are there,
Pleasure and peace reap her luxuriant stores,
Joy, mirth, and love, are ever glad and fair,
Whilst comfort smiles, nor weeping grief implores,
In that elysium, all the bounteous share
Of bliss such fancy pictures onward, rich and rare.

Hope waves her magic wand, and brings to view
Her halcyon smiles, and all lift up their eyes
And think they see her beauties grand and new,
And each would aim to make her sweets his prize,
And avarice counts, and bags, and hugs his gold ;
By longer strides steps on with eager pace
To purchase bliss, which ne'er was bought nor
sold.

Millions towards her hurry in the chase,
Through gloomy scenes of life unknown, untold ;
But ere they can her happy charms embrace,
Fall, nor to-morrow tells in life they held a place.

E'en courtiers woo her in the smiles of kings ;
Philosophy exploring sea and air,
And earth, and heavens, for her to science clings ;
Whilst for her poets fly they know not where ;
And politicians grapple with the state,
To win her, seek the swelling blast of fame ;
Behind, a crowd of young aspirants wait,
To pluck in turns the laurels of a name ;
The world struggles for the downy seat
On which all seek to rest, but never gain
Her home of calm content, where sorrow knows no
 pain.

Think of an island on a troubled sea,
A beacon gleaming on its hill of joy :
High swell the waves, and drown it in the lee ;
Or mists and clouds its glory all destroy ;
The world's pilgrims reach a rocky shore,
The gulf's between them and the beacon's light,
It twinkles, goes, and comes, till seen no more.
Thus as the ignis-fatuus dies from sight,
Hope's home of bliss none reach ; till life is o'er,
To revel in its joys we toil and fight,
And grasp in thought a shadow phantom of delight.

Man comes to birth, a duty to perform,
To catch the happy moments as they fly,
Laugh in the sunshine, struggle in the storm,
And in the chase, to gain the better, vie ;
And though he ne'er should reach the happy goal,
Hope points beyond the troubled sea of time,
Where spleen and scandal cannot reach the soul,
Nor honesty be duped by crafty crime,
Where endless ages robed in brightness roll,
Whose bourne leads to the home of peace, where
chime
Contentment's joyful songs, and pleasures are sublime.

E L E G Y

ON THE DEATH OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT.

WHAT a joy left the world when thy spirit had gone,
And the Angel of Death overshadowed his wings !
Even kingdoms were sad, and we felt as alone
To mourn o'er the changes that destiny brings.

20 ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF PRINCE ALBERT.

It had taken our Prince, the endeared of the heart,
Who had all in his bosom affection reveres ;
Did he not like the loss of a nation depart,
To leave with an empire the sorrow of years ?

Oh, Albert, it was not the pomp of the throne,
Nor the height of thy rank that had dazzled our eyes
With that splendour of greatness that brilliantly
shone,
The all that the aim of ambition may prize ;
But the soul that was in thee exalted thy state,
And was large with the royalty nature bestows
On the princely of mind, who alone are the great,
And the good, and the famed, immortality knows.

At peace with thy virtues we loved to admire,
The mantle of glory enshrouds thee around,
And all that our wishes and hopes could desire,
Enriched in thy generous nature was found ;
We have lost thee, and now thy perfections we see,
And we cling like the ivy that falls with the pine,
And the honours of worth, consecrated to thee
With the heart-stricken woe of thy Britain, are
thine.

Now we brood o'er the wide cloud of sorrow that lowered,

And we think of the all that thy merits achieved,
And we sigh as we speak of the tear-showers that
 poured

From the Queen of thy bosom, the gentle bereaved ;
On the sad sobbing hearts what an agony fell,
When the dread voice of warning had called thee away,
And the round solemn tones of the funeral knell
Had summoned a guest to the house of decay.

Here science embraced thee, and called thee her own,
Who gathered the charms of her beauties to view,
Where thy riches of thought had to elegance grown ;
The feat was supreme, the conception was new.
Oh, peace to thy ashes, thy spirit hath fled
On wings to enjoy the celestial abode ;
Thy great soaring soul could not rest with the dead,
But was aye on its pinions from nature to God.

22 ODE ON MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

O D E

ON THE MARRIAGE OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS ALBERT EDWARD,
PRINCE OF WALES, TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS
ALEXANDRA OF DENMARK, AT WINDSOR CASTLE, MARCH
10, 1863.

[For the following Stanzas the Author had the honour of receiving a complimentary letter of thanks from Her Majesty the Queen, and one from his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, on June 22, 1863.]

ON rapture's wings the mirth of millions rose,
For high-born pleasures filled a happy land,
And peace was in each breast in mild repose ;
Majestic loyalty, supremely grand,
Reigned like a king uniting friends and foes,
And glad hearts met to join the mutual hand,
Whilst smiling joy from town to hamlet went,
And banners waved on tower and battlement.

For then had knelt before the holy fane
The hope of England, and his royal bride ;
Loud cannons bombed the tidings, and again
A hundred cities pealed the shout of pride,

ODE ON MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES. 23

Whilst every spire rung with the cheering strain,
And woke the quivering echoes far and wide ;
For she was all his heart had longed to have,
And they were all to England's free and brave.

The good Lord Bishop gave the sacred word
In solemn tones that charmed the listener's ear ;
The sage and noble veteran of the sword
In eager silence drew still near and near,
And drank the vows the servant of the Lord
Had laid on them they held so fondly dear ;
All eyes spoke the emotions of the whole,
In all the full deep language of the soul.

A thousand smiles lit up, and many a face
Shone radiant with the light of loveliness,
And bounding hearts felt as they would
embrace
The twain we all in loyalty caress ;
All cares did pleasure from the bosom chase,
As leaping floods of music, melting lays,
To trembling dulcet notes, then floating went,
In liquid strains, rich, grand, and jubilant.

24 ODE ON MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Apart from all was Britain's modest queen,
Of whom, the more we know, we love the more,
She, too, before that altar once had been,
And there did Heaven's holy servant pour
Its grace on two such as we ne'er have seen.
The bounty of their hearts, an ample store,
They gave to worth, and had from all around
The heart's dear wishes, ardent and profound.

Alone she looked on all : he was not there,
Who sat in princely elegance supreme
Beside that meek sweet face, serenely fair,
That smiled upon him down life's wavelet stream ;
He was the kindly partner of her care,
Their past had vanished like a happy dream ;
He lived endeared, and left without a stain,
We hope in bliss to meet with her again.

The rites were finished, and in robes of gold,
That train of noble beauty passed away,
The grave grew merry, and the lofty bold
Bore up the sword with gayer dignity ;
The fights of flood and field, and deeds of old,
That raised the fame of England's chivalry,

They all would fight again for her renown,
The honour of her standard and her crown.

Night came rejoicing, and her dress of spring
Shone with the fire-lights of a thousand hills,
Whilst dancing up from countless vales did ring
Mirth notes high sounding, and the song that thrills;
On to the lordly board did plenty bring
Her jolly viands; and the cheer that fills,
Where old time-honoured mansions, as of yore,
Gave out the joys time ne'er had seen before.

And from the cities, the illum'ning blaze
Of flood-lights, gleaming out the starry ray,
Flowed full of glory from their brilliant ways
That showered delight from tower and balcony;
And gathered thousands gave and heard the praise
Due to the bride and bridegroom of the day,
And freely showered on them the wish of peace,
With princely joys of love and happiness.

All hearts were with them in the feast of halls,
Their name a charm did each delight enhance
Amid the revelry of many balls,
Where fair ones swept like sunbeams in the dance;

Blest be their future, and when thought recalls
The past to them, as years of peace advance,
Be they to us as she who fills the throne,
And he, though gone from us, is still our own.

LIFE'S SUNNY MOMENTS.

PURE as the light of love in nature gleaming ;
Playful and jocund as the bounding fawn ;
Sweet as an angel's smile of beauty beaming ;
Celestial as the new-created dawn ;
Stainless as innocence, or dew-bathed blossom ;
Fresh as the morning zephyr, true as truth,
Sinless as virgin blushes, beats the bosom
Of soul-winning childhood, bud of youth,
Whose sweets are treasured in our hearts, the while
Affection holds a charm, or hope a smile.

Lightsome as noon when glens and glades are ringing ;
Delicious as the balmy breath of spring ;
Bright as when Flora comes with summer singing ;
Sweet as the verdure she doth ever bring ;

As the enchanting future, rich in treasure,
Which lovers in their happy moods enjoy;
Gladsome as mirth in frolic's sportive pleasure,
Is youth in bloom when parting from the boy,
Whose phantom visions swimming through the
brain,
Flit past like gilded clouds unseen again.

Full blown as June in day's meridian glory,
Or as the eagle soaring on the wind,
Through scenes mysterious as romantic story,
Man then must fight the world, nor look
behind,
When with the golden light of hope endearing,
Love's charms enchant him with a magic spell.
Then future bliss is ever onward cheering,
And all his joys of feeling none can tell,
As dance before him, in the glee of mirth,
His fairy host, the cherubs of his hearth.

As autumn's drooping foliage gently lying,
When day's reclining on the evening shade—
Calm as the tempest soothed, but faintly sighing
O'er Phœbus sinking in his ocean bed—

Is age, on which swift time hath, gently stealing,
Numbered the hours to life's faint flickering ray :
Still will he think, with latent flow of feeling,
On youth's sweet moments, manhood's palmy day,
Love's first fond look, and friendship's meeting scene,
And gaily speak of all he once hath been.

Though fleet as passing shadows on the mountains,
Are all the showers and sunshines of our days ;
Still like the mellow song of distant fountains,
Life hath its charms which death alone decays.
Sweet as the landscape's fairy scene of grandeur
Peers through the clouds and bursts upon our sight,
Who hath not scenes on which the mind may ponder,
Of sunny moments, seasons of delight,
Of raptures past, and feeling's fondest thrill,
Which through our woes are dear to memory still ?

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

WHILST dread revolt and terror madly run
O'er India's fairy regions of the sun ;
And massacre, with bare and gory arm
Convulsing nature, raised the wild alarm ;
Long, long, through horrors and the scenes of blood,
Lucknow's beleagured walls the fury stood,
Stern as the steel, and fearless, man and man
Held stubborn to defend, as Britons can ;
Few, but devoted—daring hosts below ;
Sunk 'neath the famine, but defied the foe.

On came the legions like the raging main,
Yet still they hurled defiance back again ;
Though day by day no succour brought relief,
Their trust in Heav'n ne'er wavered in belief,
But roused to daring deeds the gentle fair,
Who soothed the agonies of pale despair
To stern resolve, that stifled back the pain,
Till wailing woe was bravely hushed again,
And dared the foe, who yelled in fiendish joy
Around the brave they panted to destroy.

A distant sound thrills rapture through the veins,
It is, it is the pibroch's native strains !
And hark ! the bombing guns salute the ear,
And Scotland's kilted warriors appear,
Who, like their fathers, death nor danger fear,
Bearing the honours up of many a year ;
'Mid smoky clouds, and flashing cannons' roar,
The savage hosts are weltering in their gore ;
The gap is filled before the walls of steel,
Their rebel ranks in yielding terror reel ;
High and commanding, on his fiery steed,
The brave Sir Colin dares the fearless deed,
Till rampant red revenge, o'er rank and file
Of Britain's foes, expires with bitter smile.
And cheers rise from the garrison at large
With every volley and at every charge ;
The battle rages like the swelling tide,
And triumph wavers oft on either side,
And loud and high the struggling tumult raves,
'Mid columns rolling like a sea of waves.

Thus long the contest stood with mighty din,
Slaughter without, and tortured hopes within,

With dread suspense imprisoned in the soul,
While step by step Sir Colin neared the goal,
And hand to hand dashed in the godlike brave,
Who, as their native rocks, defy the wave,
Broke through the legions, as they closed again
To swell the awful carnage of the slain.
Then Lucknow nearer heard the rolling drum,
And raised the mighty shout : 'They come ! they come !'
And through the sable ranks hew out their way,
And trample thousands in the bloody fray.
The savage rallies, but again to fly,
'Hurra for Britain ! victory !' is the cry :
They yield, they yield in terror and defeat,
And mercy smiles as triumph is complete.

Whilst far the foe in wild confusion flew,
Wide to their friends the massive gates they drew,
And high to Heaven poured forth their souls to
praise
The hand that smote to end their captive days.
'We're saved !' cried all, then rose the deaf'ning cheer,
As ranks embraced, and dropped the noble tear ;
The sword wassheathed, and greetings were exchanged,
The dauntless rescued, innocence avenged ;

32 COMING OF AGE OF THE MARQUIS OF LORNE

The gallant Colin grasped the veteran hand
Of Havelock, Outram, and their fearless band,
Whose eyes with rapture brightened up to see
Britannia's banner waving o'er the free.

COMING OF AGE OF THE
MARQUIS OF LORNE,
AUGUST 6, 1866.

THE clans were up in all their pride, .
The beacon's blaze gleamed far and wide ;
From hills of joy were borne
The long and merry pibroch's strain ;
And from the glens rose loud again
Cheers for the Lord of Lorne.

Cheers for his noble generous sire,
Came from each happy cottage fire,
And every home of toil,
Re-echoed wide o'er purple heath,
O'er mountain peak, and far beneath—
Cheers for the good Argyll.

To him from countless gallant hearts,
An honest zeal supremely starts
 In raptures from the whole ;
For time the love can ne'er efface,
To him who fills that hardy race
 With gratitude of soul.

Thick on the gathering clansmen came,
To share the honours of the game
 With powers of manly skill ;
The stone bombed from the giant's hand,
And shook the glen ; and high and grand
 The caber flew at will.

On went the sports of merry yore,
The race along the mountain-shore,
 With foot swift as the deer ;
And rung with mirth from morn till e'en
The rustic dance of barn and green,
 With all their Highland cheer.

And swiftly in the gorgeous ball,
Patrician beauty swept the hall
 In young and gallant arms ;

34 COMING OF AGE OF THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

Unconscious of the grace of ease,
The rosy blush that bloomed to please,
Bewitching as her charms.

Thus pleasure in her ecstasy
Flew with the hours of bliss away,
For these were hours would seem
Full of the glow of love and smiles,
And dear enchantment that beguiles,
Like music in a dream.

Hail to the chief, and may he aim
To win an honoured endless fame,
Like the illustrious John,
Who rose the glory of his age,
And ever in historic page
Hath like a planet shone.

THE TWA ANTIQUARIES.

I.

A'e blithe May morn, while cuckoos sang,
And squirrels played the woods amang,
The day o' joys was sunny fair,
And music filled the balmy air ;
As Doctor Drab had crossed the moor,
And dirled at Dominie Drury's door,
The Dominie cam' wi' wonderin' look,
And firm the Doctor's haun' he shook,
Syne raised his specks upon his broo,
Wi' hum, and ha, and beck, and boo.
Quo' he : 'Good sir, you're early steerin',
Ha'e come, nae doubt, an antiqueerin' ;
Step ben your ways, ye'se get a share
O' what you ken I weel can spare.'
'Deed,' quo' the pawkie Doctor slyly,
'You maun be gifted unco highly ;
It doesna seem to me sae queer
That men o' letters gather here,
For lang the wise o' ilk degree
Ha'e faund it meet to learn o' thee.'

'Trouth,' quo' the Dominie wi' grace
 O' lordly airs and gleesome face,
 'I maun just thank you, sir, anent
 That weel-merited compliment,
 For though I say't that shouldna say't,
 There's no my equal ony gate ;
 And as for you, my worthy sage,
 Neist to mysel' in a' this age
 O' antiquaries, you're nae doubt
 The greatest heard or kent about.'

The Doctor was baith spruce and vain,
 And praises made him fidge and fain,
 And noo wi' him like mony ithers,
 He cocked his lugs as lang's his brother's,
 Wha brayed his time ; but let that pass,
 There's mair can bray forby the ass.

II.

In mysteries deep, there sat the pair,
 Great topics solved wi' screeds o' lear,
 And lookin' gruesome o'er their glasses,
 Answered queries back wi' guesses,
 And racked their brains wi' mony a swither,
 Ponderin' on for hours thegither

Wi' wisdom's saws. Lang, lang they took,
Perusing o'er some ancient book,
The first, as I could learn or guess,
That had been printed in the press,
Wham Caxton here frae Holland's shore
Had brought to spread the English lore ;
When up the Dominie gat to tell
Things appertaining to himsel',
And drew frae neuks and holes, a lock
O' new additions to his stock
O' buckles, medals, brotches, handles,
Dirks, and darts, and Eastern sandals ;
Quo' he : 'Here's Habby Simson's chanter,
And sacred book o' Rab the Ranter ;
Wi' routh o' Maggie Picken's gear ;
The tail o' Tam o' Shanter's mare ;
Forby the tousy bauchles twa,
Wham Wattie's Meg lost in the snaw ;
And Maggie Picken's braw black beaver ;
The mutch o' Jen' wha dang the weaver ;
And shears o' beardie Jenny Geddes,
The queen o' kail-wives, ay, or ladies,
Wha in the pulpit, wi' her stool,
Besmote the Dean, a ranting fool

Wha here wi' Charlie's dogmas came,
That roused the covenanting flame.
But here's mair sacred gear than that—
The witch o' Endor's parritch-pat :
There's no a flaw in't ; a's as hale
As when she made in't sheephead kail,
Or did a sonsy haggis fettle—
There's something in the way o' metal !'

III.

'Lo'd,' quo' the Doctor, 'save us, man !
Hoo cam' sic relics to your haun' ?
Her parritch-pat ! let's gaze a while on't.
Good faith, that's just the very style on't ;
The lugs and feet, noo, when I mind,
Are the most ancient o' the kind.
You ken my skill o't, and I'll warran'
Sic pats were never cast in Carron ;
And wha than me can better ken ?
Look, there's the name on't—W. N.
It's hers by every secret spell
And cantrip name kent but hersel',
Wha by nae dint o' faith or creed,
Ance lifted Samuel frae the dead.

Through ups and downs o' ilka nation,
It's hers, and in sic preservation !
Before the flood, or ever since,
Ne'er stood sic Scripture evidence ;
It's vain to wile't frae you, or try't,
For doubtless siller winna buy't.'
'Tuts,' quo' the Dominie, 'tak' it wi' you,
Its e'en the least a frien' can gi'e you,
Tak' it for nought.'—' Say that again ;
Am I to ca' the pat my ain ?'
' It's yours for ever, gin you'll hae't,
And that's as plain as I can say't.'
The Doctor saw he wasna jokin',
Looked in and round his precious token,
Wi' praises neither few nor sma',
Syne scraped and booed himsel' awa.

IV.

Auld Phoebus glowered o'er Tintoock tap,
As if in drowsy Even's lap
He lay to take a partin' peep
At sunny day, and drap to sleep.
As Doctor Drab, gey warm wi' gaun,
The pat aye hanging in his haun',

Had ta'en a thought, I kenna how,
To clap it snugly on his pow ;
Thus on he daun'ered till he cam'
Whaur roarin' Willie's puttin' ram
Reigned king and champion baith thegither,
High up 'mang flocks that nipt the heather ;
There ne'er a loon durst venture near him,
Ance to ken him was to fear him.
He e'ed the Doctor frae afar,
Rubbed on the whins his horns o' war,
Syne cannie down the hill cam' pacin',
Faster and faster onward chasin',
And ere he reached him wi' the hurry,
His wrath had risen to a fury ;
And glowerin' o'er our friend at large,
He rushed fu' bravely to the charge,
And bang cam' on him wi' a thud,
Paced back, and gi'ed him sic a scud
As gaured him dance, at every ding,
A new invented Highland fling ;
The pat slipped o'er his nose, O Lo'd !
Think hoo he stammered o'er the sod,
The ram aye thuddin' at his wark,
He blindlins raving in the dark,

At random ran, but kentna whaur,
And plunged and spluttered 'mang the glaur ;
Till in the sheugh beside the dyke,
Besmeared wi' clay, and a' sic like,
The ram deep left him to his fate,
And, conqueror, proudly took the gate ;
For brave was he as ony Hector,
And to his flock a steeve protector,
Unlike some kings that I could tell,
Breed wars, but catch them fight themsel'.

v.

Beside the dyke there stood an oak,
Lang haunted, so said feckless folk,
Whaur Claverhouse at deid o' night
Learned mony a secret cantrip slight,
In black art and enchanting spell
Took lessons frae the de'il himsel' ;
Hoo there he met the clootie rogue,
The night before he fought Drumclog,
Whaur he in coat o' darkness ran
Frae rank to rank unseen by man,
Whilst bullets at his feet would fa',
Nor spears could pierce him mair than straw ;

Hoo Nick himsel', when scant o' wark,
Cam' frae his kingdom o' the dark,
Stood at the tree, and glancing forth,
Brought lowing streamers frae the north ;
Whaur Spunkie wi' his legions dire
Filled a' the lift wi' dancing fire,
Or brought frae tempest caves afar
Thunder's artillery o' war ;
Then raging wild, ilk fiendish wight
Rode on the hurricanes o' night ;
Black rowed the carry wi' the blast,
Floods fell frae heaven and gushed and splashed,
While through the clouds, wi' awesome form,
Fierce growled the spirits o' the storm ;
The heart o' mighty hills did quake,
And mountains to their found did shake,
And chains o' braes shrank wi' the shock,
And fell down miles o' sturdy oak ;
Till keeked the moon through clouds on high,
When storms had settled o'er the sky,
And thunder's echoes died awa
O'er distant mountain peaks o' snaw ;
Syne riding on the breezes swift
Cam' elves and bogles frae the lift,

Danced round the oak wi' fiendish fun
O'er a' the mischief they had done ;
And syne they, at their prince's will,
Drank round frae out a monster's skull,
Pledged to the first great murderer Cain,
Then skirled and sang to clink o' chain,
Till wi' a whir, auld Nick, like thought,
Flew wi' his legions into nought ;
Or aiblins, at his great desire,
A' vanished in a sheet o' fire,
To meet again at his decree,
And haud a glorious jubilee.
Sic tales auld gossips aft would tell,
But to believe them, please yersel'.

VI.

The e'enin' noo was growin' gray,
And bade farewell to partin' day ;
When Miller Mungo and his wife,
Wha had been o'er to Lucky Fife,
Fu' in their graybeard brought awa
Glenlivit's best, bead twenty-twa—
For in their house, you understaun'
A rantin' weddin' was at haun',

Wi' Bell, their daughter and their dauty,
Wha pledged her heart to Farmer Wattie.
They reached the oak, and saw a head
Rise frae the ditch, a' mud and weed ;
When Tibby screeched : 'Preserve us a' !
Wha's that wi' a' his face awa,
And like some pandemonium fien'
Comes staggerin' on without his een ?
Gude save us, this is past a joke.
See ! see ! there stands the haunted oak,
Whaur Claverhouse o' fearfu' fame
First did the deed without a name.'
'Mercy,' quo' Mungo, 'but your right.
Lo'd, is this no an awesome sight ?
It's said here demon spirits rin
On ranting wi' the prince o' sin ;
That they and death are unco great,
Wha strides wi' stern remorseless gait
In grim kirkyards, o'er cauld grave-stanes,
Whilst through his bleached and fleshless banes
The pale moon shines ; wi' scythe in hand,
Strews plague and carnage at command.
For nights, wi' ghaists o' mortals gane,
The king o' terrors aft will reign

In awful council, till the craw
O' morning cock sends them awa' ;
Wha rising frae the peacefu' grave,
Here dance and houch amang the lave,
Then curse the fiends wi' ilka pest,
Wha ha'e thus roused them frae their rest ;
Syne on the moonbeams tak' their flight,
And like the vapours melt frae sight.'

VII.

'Bide back,' quo' Mungo, 'he's no cannie,
And has the horns o' clootie Sawnie ;
Whisht! hear his chains—Lo'd, hoo they clink !
Bide back—they fiends are fond o' drink—
And hide your graybeard weel, or he
Will leave us no a dreg to pree ;
Sit here, and round I'll score a ring,
In name o' ilka sacred thing,
And bless't by a' that's heavenly guid,
Then in 't he daurna peep his head.'
They in the ring wi' terror sat,
On came our hero o' the pat ;
As was his lot, through some mishap,
He tumbling fell in Tibby's lap,

Wha screeched, and skirled, and yelled wi' din
Waud drown the noise o' Corra Linn.
The Doctor groaned wi' mony a sair,
And Mungo danced, and something mair,
And vowed to ha'e the bogle's life,
Wha daured to kiss his bonnie wife.
'Help !' quo' the Doctor in a flurry,
'Me, Doctor Drab, the antiquary.'
'Gude save's,' quo' Mungo, 'are you then
The Doctor o'er in yon gate-en',
Wha gethers belts, and dirks, and spears,
And flags in rags a hundred years,
And rusty swords was made, you say,
By Andrew 'o Ferrawry, tae ?
I've wondered aft that you could fash
Wi' buckles, buttons, and sic trash,
Because they happened just to be
The gear o' folk o' high degree,
Wha ne'er did ought, as history tells,
But lived and lookit to themsel's ;
Yet, come your ways, you've nougnt to fear,
For I can lead you out o' here.'
Thus aft in the affairs o' man
His journey ends whaur he began ;

And he wha climbs the hill wi' pride
May row down on the ither side ;
Sae fared wi' him, wha had to gae
Back to the spot whaur he cam' frae ;
Sae thus we'll leave them a' to maun
Their journey o'er as best they can,
The whilst we bring our readers tae
The doings o' the Dominie,
And tell hoo matters did transpire
At Sootie Willie's smithy fire.

VIII.

There Tam the tailor, vain and spruce,
Held forth, for Tammie was nae goose
In cangling quirks o' great debate,
O'er ilka question o' the state ;
Yet, wi' his wide reforms, the baggage
Dealed sleely in the way o' cabbage.
And snooved in Wabster Watt, wha still
O' wisdom's saws gi'ed folk their fill ;
And if a problem cam' to haun',
To work it, Wattie was your man.
The tailor, Dominie, and he,
Far in the kettle rule o' three

Were deeply plunged and sair perplexed.
Some questions had the worthies vexed ;
They differed, and their self-esteem
Was roused to wrath, and it would seem
That, by the rule guid reason tells,
The three could hardly rule themsel's.
Douce Moorlan' Rab cam' down the road,
Wi' auld mare Bessie to get shod.
Quiet Rab was doufy, slow but sleet,
And held in wi' the powers that be ;
He wondered folk could tak' sic pains,
To rack their temper and their brains
Wi' books, and lear, and a' sic-like,
Wha tailored, weaved, or built a dyke ;
For him he saw but little need o't,
And politics he kent nae guid o't ;
He wrought and sleepet, and ate his fill,
Had little guid nor muckle ill ;
And as the great took a' the sway,
He gi'ed them a' the thinkin' tae.
The smith, in glances o' the bleeze,
Held Bessie's foot atween his knees,
When down baith foot and hammer fell,
He raised his hands, and wi' a yell,

Cried : 'Gude be wi' us ! Here, come here !
What's yon unearthly thing asteer ?'
'What thing ?' cried they, and to the door
Rowed o'er ilk ither on the floor ;
Tam drove the wabster with a ding,
Whase cries made roof and rafter ring ;
Down cam' the Dominie wi' a brainge,
Till 'mang the water wi' a rainge
He found his hurdies warm, poor chiel',
Whaur Willie tempered a' his steel ;
But this time had the wrang effeck,
To fury did the temper break.

IX.

On came poor Doctor Drab, I wat,
Weel crested wi' his parritch-pat,
At last the smithy door he gained,
And got the matter a' explained ;
And syne it was agreed, the body
Should put his head upon the study,
Till ringing Willie's hammer ga'ed,
And broke the part frae aff his head,
Which a' had settled for a fack,
Was surely gifted wi' a crack.

But crack or no crack, wrang or right,
It cam' out bizzin' to the light,
And in amazement, by your leave,
Ilk turned to titter in his sleeve,
To think the Doctor, noo wi' pun
And jest stood butt o' a' their fun.
'That pat,' quo' jeering Souter Sawnie,
'Belanged to my departed grannie,
Which at her death, wi' somethings mae
Was coft up by our Dominie.'
The Doctor wi' a gruesome grace,
Noo glowered the Dominie i' the face,
Stamping his foot : 'Hoo, sir,' quo' he,
'Can you thus hotch and laugh at me ?
Wi' lies and sic abomination,
Affront ane o' my rank and station ?
Made me o' that auld pat a present ;
Wi' antiquarian notions reasoned,
And gar'd me true, poor silly gander,
It ance belanged the witch o' Endor ?'
Loud burst frae a' the laugh and roar,
Some danced and scratched their pows, and swore
That a' the coofs ere Scotland bred
Could ne'er ha'e been sae far misled.

The bridegroom, 'mid their frolics haudin',
Brought up his party to the weddin',
Wha skirled and danced like nought-me-care,
And cracked their fingers in the air ;
Lame Jock, the fiddler, took the lead,
And o'er the strings, wi' skirling screed,
Weel to their satisfaction played,
And lilted up 'The white cockade ;'
The bridegroom laughed, for there was siller
Gi'en wi' the daughter o' the miller.
Thus daffin' ga'ed they to the manse,
Whaur vowed the pair to tak' their chance,
And Doctor Drab drowned a' his care,
And though he pay't for a' his lear,
He gat the lesson that he wanted—
Ne'er to tak' mony things for granted.
Wisdom's no got by simple spierin',
But time and patience, perseverin',
Aye mak' the perfect, proper man,
Mature ilk system, scheme, and plan.
Sae, reader, I ha'e said my say,
We'll aiblins meet some ither day.

THE GATHERING OF THE ISRAELITES.

‘And I will gather the remnant of my flock out of all countries whither I have driven them, and will bring them again to their folds ; and they shall be fruitful and increase.
—*Jeremiah xxiii. 3.*

THE day will come when Jacob’s ancient race,
Rejoicing onward to their native soil—
Fair land of Judah—will their steps retrace,
The pilgrims of full many a weary mile ;
And love’s benignant and celestial grace
Redeem them yet to mercy ‘neath the smile
Of bounteous Heaven, no more astray to roam,
But gather to their lost and dearest home.

Rejoicing millions from each zone remote,
And arid wilderness of every clime,
Where fate or hapless fortune threw their lot,
With souls enrapt and full of thoughts sublime,
On Zion’s sunny mount, the hallowed spot,
Will mingle joys, and merry bells will chime,
As meet the wandering flocks within the fold,
’Mid fruitful riches of their land of old.

Oh, there will be delight that flows in tears,
And teeming tenderness supremely felt,
And laughing revelry o'er vanished fears
And sorrows of the exiles—they who dwelt
Aloof through centuries of joyless years,
And stood the taunt and blow unkindly dealt—
When Heaven unseals their doom, to raise in state
Their home of juicy grape and luscious date.

For they were bondsmen, captives on the Nile,
On tides of revolutions onward borne ;
Long alien outcasts, in the chains of toil,
Have seen the wreck of nations thither torn,
And on their ruined cities stood the while,
Where erst their fathers brooked the sneer of scorn ;
Seen empires rise where savages had been,
When o'er her nations Palestine was queen.

The reign of mighty Jove has passed away ;
The crescent's reverenced where the cross had stood,
Where martyred Jesus groaned on Calvary,
And poured the life-veins of His sacred blood ;
Races have changed and changed their deity ;
And kingdoms swept away as by a flood ;

Still, moral conquerors by their faith alone,
They stand, and all those dynasties are gone.

Yes, from their temples will hosannas rise
In songs of joy, supreme and jubilant ;
In chorus of their thousands ring the skies
With fervent praise to their Redeemer sent,
Full of contrition from the good and wise,
Who of the sins that smote them will repent,
Believing that He came and died for them,
And brings them to the new Jerusalem.

What pent-up deep emotions then will burst
The flood-gates of their hearts in holy joy !
When all that each had cherished from the first,
And grand anticipations of the boy,
And that for which they ardently did thirst,
Will greatly bliss them, and their woes alloy ;
And Providence the chosen ones will bring,
As doth the hen her chickens 'neath the wing.

Then joy may leap triumphant o'er the past,
When persecution crushed the meek and
good,

And bigotry assailed the poor outcast ;
And streets in torrents streamed with Jewish blood,
As cruel massacre poured out its last
Of viper hate, and they devoted stood
The scourge of nations, and a world's disgrace,
The curse that dogged the doomed and fallen race.

The terror voice of oracles and signs ;
The thundering doom of vengeance for their crimes ;
The shadow that eclipsed their land of vines,
Which fell to ruins, awful, yet sublime,
Shall pass away as comes the light that shines
On grand deliverance—the promised time ;
And burning zeal shall spring in prayers hence
From millions in high strains of eloquence.

With flaunting banners floating in the air,
Shall march their legions singing through the street ;
And from the windows, crowded beauties fair
Shower flowery bouquets, and in raptures greet ;
Cheers answering cheers, re-echoed everywhere
In peals of joy, as thousands thousands meet ;
And music's thrilling numbers rapture bring,
As exaltation mounts on pleasure's wing.

Then in yon heaven, the angels of their God
Shall raise the strains of holy melting song ;
And raptures fill the vales where prophets trod ;
And through sweet meads, glad Jordan sing along ;
And peace serenely sway her golden rod,
Proclaim the feast of joys o'er every wrong ;
For them, the Saviour life of being gave,
And He who chastened them again will save.

And in their land of patriarchs, the shore
Where kingly reigned the wisest among men,
Glad hearts will meet, who never met before,
To mingle mutual ecstasy ; and when
The tribes embrace in love, and all adore
Th' Almighty Power that has redeemed them, then
Unfettered will they find, beneath His cares,
The land of milk and honey ever theirs.

THE SCOTTISH EMIGRANT.

JOHNNIE left the theeked sheelin',
Wi' his bundle in his haun' ;
Gritly grew his heart wi' feelin',
Noo he sought the stranger's laun' ;
And his thoughts were a' on Jeanie—
Jeanie ne'er had kent his mind—
Speechless love was in his e'en aye,
Lingerin' lang he looked behind.

In his breast he kept the Bible,
Gi'en him wi' a mother's tears,
Never ca'ed its truths a fible,
Nor its hopes o' future cheers ;
Noo his hame grew fu' o' treasures,
Mair than he had seen before,
Scenes o' past and mony pleasures,
Memory painted o'er and o'er ;

Saw blithe faces round the ingle,
Heard the bummin' spinnin'-wheel,

Heard the auld clock's clinkin' jingle,
Saw ilk neuk within the beil ;
Books that tauld o' Knox and Wallace,
Hoo the martyrs shed their blood,
Hoo our patriots, beardly fellows,
Fought and fell for Scotland's good.

Then within him mony a swither
Maistlins gar'd him tak' the rue,
Thoughts in conflict drove o'er ither,
Lang they focht, and stever grew ;
Resolution raise a giant,
Brocht the wrestlers to his feet,
He on self and Heaven reliant,
Vowed to see his country yet.

‘ Fareweel, Johnnie,’ sang the linty,
Collie whined as like to greet ;
And the lambies gazed ahint, aye
Cried ‘ Fareweel’ wi’ waefu’ bleet ;
Ilka ane was dull and lowsome,
Neighbours gathered, and the stoun’
O’ partin’ pangs ga’ed through ilk bosom—
A’ was eerie roun’ and roun’.

Bonnie Jeanie cam' to see him
Ere he ga'ed, but dree'd to part ;
A' her maiden prayers were wi' him,
A' her lowin', lovin' heart ;
Blateful aft she shied his wooin' ;
Secrets had she ne'er to tell ;
Deep and constant was her lo'in'
Dearly treasured in hersel'.

By the plantin' side she met him,
Sidelins blushed, and a' her care
Raise in sighs, and syne she let him
Ha'e a ringlet o' her hair ;
Then he read her heart's emotion
Wi' a manly secret pride ;
Gat frae her its pure devotion—
Pent-up pangs are sair to bide.

Burstin' frae his heart o' gladness,
Kingdoms couldna buy his joy ;
Bliss flew aff wi' a' his sadness ;
Cupid smiled the wily boy.
Oft he parted wi' his treasure,
Turned wi' something mair to tell,

A' his fondness kent nae measure,
A' his riches was hersel'.

In the land whaur gowd was plenty,
Lang he toiled baith late and ear,
Duty's gait he never tent aye,
Strave to mak' the muckle mair ;
Cam' o'er seas o' stormy waters,
Hame, and lifted mind had he ;
Gathered friends, that time aye scatters,
Held the nights o' welcome glee ;

Vowed his love to bonnie Jeanie,
Jeanie sighed but couldna speak,
Wi' snaw-white braties rubbed her e'en
 aye,
Pearly tears ran down her cheek,
Like the dew-drops on the gowan,
Pure as a' her thousand charms,
While their hearts, wi' rapture lowin',
Clung wi' bliss in ithers' arms.

Soon the news ga'ed through the clachan,
Bonnie Jeanie was a bride ;

Soon would come the marriage-daffin',
Soon be linkin' at his side ;
Soon it cam', and cam' wi' plenty,
In her big house, warm and fu' ;
Cozie, couthie, bien, and denty,
Jeanie is a lady now.

Whaur the poor are sickly lying,
Comfort's cordials has she sent ;
Whaur the needfu's wants are crying,
She her kind relief has lent ;
Ever like an angel holy
Has her joys to others ta'en ;
Johnnie, 'mang the high or lowly,
Worth wi' him gets aye its ain.

PAST AND PRESENT.

We all remember youth was glad and smiling,
Our sorrows fleeting as the thought that's fled,
May mornings ushered summer joys beguiling,
The warblers' concert, mirth in sun and shade ;
In all around we saw a world of wonders,
The flocks and herds amazed us, and afar
Ten thousand terrors echoed in the thunders,
Ten thousand beauties gleamed from every star.

Time had to us no shadow on its dial,
As sunny summer bloomed from budding spring,
Whilst autumn's fall, and winter's storm and trial,
Unreckoned fled, nor change did seeming bring.
Great towered the hills to young imagination,
A path of glory to the gilded sky,
And led to regions of our own creation,
Up to the golden happy home on high.

Full of romance as old Arabian story,
Enchanted seemed the kingdoms far away ;
A year was like an age ; all glee and glory,
Deemed we the coming merry holiday.
As to our journey's end we draw the nearer,
Years seem as months, and months as days and
hours ;
And as life wanes we cling to it the nearer,
Though dotage comes till memory be not ours.

In innocence our friendship grew agreeing,
Nor falsehood learned affected means to smile ;
'Twas nature's native truthfulness, our being
Ere sin around us twined the serpent's coil.
Anon came love in petulance oft changing,
Her sighs and smiles 'tween many hopes and
fears,
Enchanting sadness, peace and rest deranging,
Sweet plague that with its fickleness endears.

As friends we cherished then, our friends at present
May leave impressions years may not decay ;
But love which youth and innocence have seasoned,
Grows rich like wine with time, nor dies away.

'Tis thus we deem the golden days departed,
Richer in pleasures, brighter, better when
Our joys were young ; but youth still buoyant-
hearted,
Laughs, leaps, and has his frolics now as then.

It may be man hath changed, but nature never ;
The bird of spring still sings his father's song ;
The landscapes lovely still by lake and river,
The joys their beauties give to us belong ;
The transient lightsome change of sun and season,
Blossoms the fields, and fills the poet's theme ;
Man keeps his pathway by the light of reason ;
New days bring joys of which we never dream.

Then fill the cup of hope to its o'erflowing,
Time yet will bring its mirth as heretofore ;
The heart still warm with sympathy is glowing,
Still providence hath ample cheer in store.
A change to-day may visit us in sorrow,
But what of that ? life still hath much to gain ;
Adversity is success oft to-morrow,
As joys, departed joys, will come again.

THE THUNDER-STORM.

THE foaming breakers dashed yon old gray cliff ;
In might of madness raged the roaring sea
That tossed the war-ship like a tiny skiff,
And far and high in clouds of spray did flee.
The royal eagle, monarch of the air,
Soared to his mountain home ; the sable cloud
O'erveiled the towering hills, through which the glare
Of lightning flashed 'mid thunders long and loud.

The regions of the storm were cleft in twain,
Where rolled the awful din of heaven on high,
It was a day of terror, and the rain
Teemed from the scene of war that shook the sky.
The deer sought shelter by the shaggy creek ;
The herds and bleating flocks cowered in the vale ;
The white storm sea-birds fled the rocky peak,
Huddled in flocks, and trembled at the gale.

And eager faces crowded to the beach,
Across the heaving bosom of the main

With streaming eyes, as far as sight could reach,
Gazed through the stormy space, and quick again
Looked in each others' eyes, to read or hail
Sweet hope, but still unanswered by despair,
Till, like a sea-gull, peered a lonely sail,
And joy arose—the fishers' fleet was there.

‘They’re yonder coming !’ was the hurried cry ;
The child looked wondering to the mother’s face,
Saw the glad tidings in her beaming eye,
And clapped the hands, and clung to her embrace.
The hardy heroes, through the ocean’s roar,
Came on contending o’er the swelling foam,
Bearing their netfuls to the happy shore,
And loving bosoms of a cheery home.

The fox and otter gathered to their dens,
And collie whining basked before the fire ;
And nestled in their cot-house were the hens,
And restless were the cattle in the byre.
The straw-thatched roof flew on the whistling wind,
And leaped the stream that lashed the rugged rock ;
And with his steeds, home rode the simple hind,
Who quaked as heaven with all its terrors spoke.

And through the moaning trees, the tempest din
Came loudly howling to the cottage door ;
But there its fury could not enter in,
Since locks and bars had made the shelter sure.
The lonely traveller driven by the blast,
Along the naked plain and splashy path,
A refuge in the cottage won at last,
Drenched with the storm, but sheltered from its
wrath.

The rain loud battered on the window-pane,
And down the chimney roared the reeling peal ;
The maiden's cheek grew flushed, and blanched again ;
She dropped her spinning at the merry wheel.
With beating heart, and terror in each eye,
Around the mother's knee the children came,
To ask was that the voice of Him on high,
Whose anger thus had sent the bolts of flame.

The sturdy peasant thrashed the rich ripe corn,
But awe-stunned, stood, and' ceased to wield the
flail ;
And high the din of elements were borne
'Mid cloudy cars that on the tempest sail ;

The forest waved and cracked ; the giant pine
Fell with the yielding oak to wave no more ;
All troubled was the face of things divine ;
The river's song rose to the cataracts roar.

The moaning tempest loud and louder came,
And gathered to a hurricane, whose sound
Filled the vast welkins, where the sheets of flame
Shot flash on flash, below, above, around.
Anon the grand artillery of rage
Faint and more faintly died upon the ear ;
The elements their warfare ceased to wage,
The solar god came forth, the day was clear.

Then all was hushed and settled to a calm ;
The gloom dispelled, again the sky was blue ;
The drooping flowerets oped their leaves in balm,
Whilst lulled the sunbeams on their every hue.
Thus may the storms of life that pest the good,
Vanish to leave them on the lap of bliss ;
The pangs of grief, want, care, and solitude,
Find peace in yonder world, unknown in this.

POETRY IN EVERY THING.

WHEN Deity created nature,
Bursting from eternal night,
Poetry was greatly uttered
When He said : 'Let there be light.'
In spontaneous vegetation,
Nurtured by the solar beam,
In foliage tint and animation,
Landscape, glade, and gliding stream ;
In mountain range, and clouds of silver,
Glassy lake, or mirrored spring,
There's deep design and wealth of beauty—
Poetry in every thing.

In the wild-flower coyly blushing,
Drooping by the moorland way ;
Or insect of an hour, that flutters
Dancing on the sunny ray ;
In the pebbles daily trodden
Through the ages of the past,
Is the tale of primal wonders,
As the boundless and the vast ;

Below, above, and studded round us,
In a grand enchanting ring,
Are creation's gems and wonders—
Poetry in every thing.

Through the soul of pang and passion,
Deep the muse in feelings flow,
As the streamlets seek the ocean,
Swelling onward greater grow ;
Ideas fit like phantom visions
Through the regions of the brain,
Full of young imaginations,
In their swift successive train ;
Thoughts from the ore of mind unaided
Pure intrinsic treasures bring ;
From music's notes rise endless numbers—
Poetry in every thing.

The lark doth soar to nature's temple,
Heaven's arch he fills with song ;
The corn-craik concealed in echoes,
Undiscovered fleets along ;
Insects hum round beds of roses ;
Troutlets leap, and catch the fly ;

Winged in joys, sunbeams are dancing ;
Time in gladness skipping by ;
Sweet the warblers' songs to nature
Make the woods and landscapes ring ;
There is a charm of mystic feature—
Poetry in every thing.

ODE

TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT BURNS.

In a lone cottage by the winding Doon,
A child was born, a sweet and rosy boy,
A gift of Heaven to Scotia, chosen soon
To be her honoured pride, her bosom's joy ;
The tempest raved and thundered loud and long,
Fierce as the storms of life he had to bear.
He from that cottage hearth, a son of song,
Soared to be e'er remembered, cherished dear
By hearts admiring worth, the humble bard's career.

72 ODE TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT BURNS.

Reared in adversity, and used to toil,
An independent honesty his guide,
He tilled the furrow on his native soil,
And strewed her sunlit flowers of beauty wide.
The muse of nature caught his flashing eye.
And all his soul leapt to her sweet embrace ;
Deep as the meaning of a lover's sigh,
When burning rapture glows in beauty's face,
Her purest thoughts could he with magic pen
trace.

And the enchanting numbers of his strain
Came like a spirit breathing into life,
The muse in hallowed glory born again,
Thrilling a world with wonder free of strife.
His song of swimming tones from golden wire,
Teeming with melody ; his rustic pipe,
Melted in feeling, kindled into fire,
With virgin sweets of beauty, free and ripe :
'Twas inspiration's charm from Scotia's sons t
type.

The simple doleful ballad failed to please,
As rose his love-notes swelling into play,

Danced on the streamlet, echoed in the breeze,
Rose from the dusky glen and woodland way :
In song an era came of new delight
That like the Naiad's hymn began to steal
O'er the delighted senses, and invite
The soul to joy ; and at the spinning-wheel,
The maid to sing that love she knew her heart to feel.

His theme no borrowed beauty e'er displayed,
Like gilded glories of a mocking sun
That melts in vapour, dies away in shade ;
With truth, and sense, and soul the heart he won.
No hollow, tinselled, lofty words had he,
The ornamental flow of aimless sound ;
Where he ne'er felt respect, on fawning knee
He could not, falsely flattering, kiss the ground ;
In native grandeur flowed his sentiments profound.

Where duller minds found but the dross, a gem
Shone pure to him ; Ayr's brigs spoke well and wise ;
From mouse, and daisy with the broken stem,
The voice of sages rose to moralise ;
The dogs unknown to rank could friendly talk,
Contrast the humble cottage with the hall,

74 ODE TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT BURNS.

Life in the lordly, and the lowly walk,
The lot of those who labour, fight, or fall
For home and fatherland, sacred and dear to all.

His thoughts intrinsic treasures teeming all
With generous large impulses from the soul ;
Nature rejoiced when Heaven gave the call
To him, and so endowed him with her whole
Warm, loving, passions' feeling to the sad—
A patriot's manly heart, free open hand,
Life laughing, humour leaping with the glad,
Streamed from his lyre as from a wizard's hand :
He next to God revered his own, his native land.

Then groped as if within a catacomb
Bewildered superstition in the dark
Dull maze of error, gloomy as the tomb,
Whilst reason's light but twinkled as the spark
Of Jack-o'-lantern leading through the moss
The lone benighted traveller on his way,
To plunge into the marsh. Such was the loss
Of mind that led true piety astray,
The false unmeaning mysteries of our poet's
day.



And hence the foolery of Hallowe'en
He changed from true belief to simple jest.
Then was the fairy's midnight funeral seen ;
Then was the child changed at the mother's breast ;
Then all the evil spirits of that night,
Let loose from Pandemonium's realms of pain,
Before his magic charm of truth took flight,
And vanished into nought ; nor clank of chain
From terrors, ghosts, and goblins long was heard
again.

His sportive thoughts through darker regions
play,
And at his magic call bursts forth the blaze
From Alloway's haunted kirk, and on his way
The spell-bound Tam o' Shanter stops to gaze.
The queen of witches leads the dizzy dance,
The Devil plays the piper to the reel,
Through wild mysterious jigs the hags do prance,
Till comes the chase : Tam's mare, the fire of steel,
Leaves with her tail grim superstition at her heel.

We have his graphic scene of Holy Fair,
The sanctimonious Will of vaunted faith ;

76 ODE TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT BURNS.

What others feared to do, that would he dare,
And lashed hypocrisy with scourge of death.
He scorned the wretch who laughed when others fell,
Felt for the failings of humanity,
And heavenward lauded worth. Oh, it was well
The reformer, peasant, poet swept away
The cant of zeal, that truth might have a better
day.

Behold his cotter from whose righteous heart
Rises the meek and fervent song of praise,
The strain of Zion free from hollow art;
Wise and sincere in all he does and says,
His soothing counsel, with his love and prayer,
He gives ; and craves the Holy One to guide
All those around him. With a Jacob's care,
And sage-like pathos free from vaunting pride,
Shews them their humble duty on life's stormy
tide.

And there the tender ties of feelings bind
The artless sister and the brother's love,
With mingled mutual wish so pure, so kind,
The scene seems like celestial scenes above.

The patriarchal father of the flock,
 The pious mother and the frugal dame,
 Have built their faith upon the Christian's rock
 That stands for ages still unmoved the same.
 O Burns, so stands thy immortality of fame !

Thy warm and loving nature could impart
 Th' outpourings of a soul sincere withal.
 Oh, thou wilt e'er be great, e'en as thou wert
 In each peculiar part a man in all ;
 Shining eternal as the lingering star
 Whose light revealed thy Mary's shade in heaven.
 It was a spirit union, and afar
 Thy thoughts, thy love, thy soul aloft were
 driven
 Where thou didst hope to meet her with thy faults
 forgiven.

Gleam on, thou star of Genius who didst say
 A man's a man, the rank the guinea's stamp ;
 Gleam on, thou star still with effulgent ray,
 E'en like the virgins with the well-trimmed lamp.
 All hail to honour's feast prepared for thee !
 We see thy triumph, and our voices join

78 ODE TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT BURNS.

To land thy praises, and our hearts with thee
Value thy gems of truth supreme, divine—
They, like thy worth, through wars and revolutions
shine.

Thou like the star of morning gleaming clear,
Shin'st ever to the mind, and as to-day ;
Thy greatness present will be glory here,
When thrones and empires crumble and decay.
Still when the kindly meeting cheers the friends
Who long have parted, still thy 'Auld Lang-
syne'
Throbs through the heart where each good feeling
blends,
Whilst with the hand the fonder wishes join ;
Such meetings make thee dear to all, as thou to
thine.

Thy song of ages is a world's lay,
Thy muse high soars on pinions with a smile
Sweet as a rosy rustic Queen of May,
And to her nations homage pay the while.
Power, rank, and beauty hail thy wide renown ;
Sweet sing the nine, and Fame with silver horn

Proclaims thy triumph ; and the laurel crown—
That ancient wreath of honour nobly worn
By bards of Greece—is thine, who braved a world of
scorn.

Fun, dancing, cracks her fingers ; sorrow's wail
Is drowned in mirth as jolly voices roar
In laughter round the hearth. Thy gleesome tale
Sparkles with wit ; care's face is sad no more.
Thy martial tones rousing the manly pride,
Thou givest the call to freedom ; men obey,
And fight old battles o'er, and side by side
Follow their Bruce, and sing thy 'Scots wha ha'e,'
As leap the heart and hand to shouts of victory.

Thy bold satiric humour we admire,
Revere thee in thy 'Man was made to mourn ;'
Struck with thy vivid flash of nature's fire,
And love thee when thy kindly passions burn.
We wander with thee by the woods and streams,
And think we hear each warbler's lively strain ;
Stray with thee through thy visionary dreams,
Think o'er thy richer thoughts, a lovely train.
Great bards may rise—a Burns we ne'er shall see again.

THE TWIN BROTHERS.

TWIN buds of beauty round the parent stem,
The tender tendrils of their love were twined ;
One wish, one happiness was one in them,
One soul of tenderness, one mutual mind ;
And when life's troubles clouded to annoy,
Their smile beamed on our cares a sun of joy.

Thus time to manhood lavished on their path
The flowery promise of a future fair ;
Riches was theirs, and rank, and all that hath
The power to dazzle with the grand and rare ;
Their escutcheon for ages gone before,
Emblazed with honour's garniture of yore.

The one with strong impulses longed to rove
Through classic lands and cities far away,
'Mid pleasure's trains where soft voluptuous love
Gives dizzy raptures to the thoughtless gay ;
On soaring wings he saw aspiring fame
Loud heralding the splendour of his name.

At length the day arrived, and he must go.
Grief's awful presence settled in the hall,
And lord and vassal felt the heavy blow,
As when death strikes and shrouds with sable pall.
He went ; the household prayers with him had
gone,
And somehow all felt friendless and alone.

Time fled away, still adding to the past,
And like a shoreless ocean rolled between
Their young joy-teeming pleasures. Life was cast
On shoals of grief, nor mirth nor peace serene,
Nor smile dawned on their sorrows still the same ;
Grief clouded hope, and still no Edwin came.

Morn's flood of beams was on the garden walk,
The brother of his birth with straining eye
Afar had caught a form did princely stalk ;
His soul lit up with joy he knew not why—
That towering spectre figure, gaunt and grim,
Looked like the shade of what had once been him.

'Twas him, his other self, but oh, how changed !
The clouded tale of dissipation told,

God's structure of the mind from peace estranged,
The young pulse beating feeble as the old ;
He ran and strained him to his heaving breast,
And took the wanderer to his home of rest.

The stifled feelings and emotion's cry
Burst with his father's flowing flood of joy ;
With nameless raptures beamed his mother's eye,
As gushed her tear-showers o'er her long-lost
boy ;
Swift tidings fled to every wondering one,
All flew to welcome home the baron's son.

And there were mirth and music in the hall,
And beauty's eyes lit up to pleasure's smile,
And banners waving on the castle wall,
And vassals hurrying, happy 'mid their toil :
All sorrow fled the hearts that erst had mourned—
The world was heaven, for Edwin had returned.

And what was Edwin's story of the past ?
'Twas revel, riot, and the scene of waste.
Life's wild impetuous current flowed too fast,
And swept down nature's beauties in its haste.

To rise with moonlight, slumber with the sun,
Brought on life's evening where its morn begun.

Time flew, and he was soothed in mind's repose,
The tempest of his passions calmed away,
And then to all each morn more glorious rose,
Nature seemed richer robed, more freshly gay ;
The bottle-imp had fled, and peace did seem
Calm stealing o'er them like a Sabbath dream.

With wide reflections, brilliant and profound,
The wonder workings of his giant brain
In grand profusion scattered pearls round,
By star-thoughts gleaming like the milky train,
Whose powers through life convincing went to sway
The mind to mankind's nobler destiny.

MUTUAL FEELING.

LOVE in our nature, like the electric stream,
From heart to heart attracted fleetly flies ;
All are not cold and frigid as they seem ;
Some innate spark of feeling never dies,
And kindles e'en to raptures by the beam
Of swimming tenderness in woman's eyes,
And glows deep where the secret passions lull,
That make this earth, our home, more beautiful.

He whose love feelings in the bosom burn,
And woos affection for the golden tie,
Yet reaps no hope of passion in return,
Nor e'en the look that flatters with a sigh.
The shipwrecked mariner, when left to mourn,
Tossed and alone on raving billows high,
Feels not, like him, despair so deep and full,
For all is lost that makes earth beautiful.

If fate hath placed us on some friendless shore,
And like the exile, find no welcome cheer,

With none to meet us, none we've met before,
And none to love us, none we can revere,
Life then is everything we may deplore.
We live but for affections that endear ;
The interchange of feeling, wish, or will,
Is all that makes this earth more beautiful.

The storm we wrestle, and the tempest dare,
The battle's fury, and the foaming wave ;
Adversity, with all her downward care,
We each and all with manly courage brave ;
The storm's less furious nature e'en more fair
If hope points out the distant home we crave,
Where those we love give love's return in full,
And make this earth, our home, more beautiful.

Who feels not pity when the pleading call
Of outcast poverty weeps for his aid ?
Mercy in turns leaps from the souls of all.
Oh, be she ne'er from love and friendship fled,
Nor seared and sordid avarice be the fall
Of charity, nor dear affection dead :
'Tis nature's flow of sympathy when full,
That makes this earth, our home, more beautiful.

He who doth live neglected and alone,
A misanthropic, stoic, dull recluse,
Lives but in madness : ever and anon
Nature must stir his soul to social views,
Where human sympathy hath ever shone
Effulgent in the heart. We cannot choose
But seek to woo and won, and blessings cull,
Which make this earth, our home, more beautiful.

How happy when two hearts are twined in one,
And see the world as through each other's eyes ;
When mutual joys and pleasures still atone
For care's oppression, and our sorrow flies
In th' sweet dream of love's oblivion
And swimming ecstasies—when bliss alone
Fills up our thoughts, and sense and soul is full
Of all that makes this earth more beautiful !

Sweet charity, from plenty's bounteous horn,
On poverty each manna blessing showers ;
And pity's like a maid on rosy morn,
Who nourishes her tender sickly flowers.
By hope and patience ills of life are borne,
These strew the joys which else would not be ours—

Dear ministering angels to the will—
And make this earth, our home, more beautiful.

WATTIE'S COURTSHIP.

THE moon was keekin' in the lift,
Through drowsy clouds and snawy drift ;
 The wind was keen and snell,
When Wattie, huddled in his plaid,
 Wi' stick and collie by his side,
 Snooved up the loan himsel'.
For he had spak' o' love and faith
 To Meg the sonsie cook,
And vowed by moon, and stars, and death,
 And a' that's in the book,
 To wed her, and clead her,
 And mak' her a' his ain ;
For often had she stowed his gab
 Wi' mony a towzie bane.

It somehow struck a neighbour lass
Their marriage wouldna come to pass,
 To Meg she tauld the same ;

That he for cake and puddin' cam',
And draps o' soup, and bits o' ham,
And mak' himsel' at hame.
A plot was laid between the pair,
Wi' skill to try the case :
Meg in a press hid 'neath the stair,
Her neighbour took her place ;
Whilst mumblin' and fumblin',
Watt eased the door agee,
And whisperin' said : ' My bonnie maid,
May I come in wi' thee ? '

Wi' kindly smiles she took him in,
And shifted chairs wi' clatterin' din,
And made an unco stir,
And tauld him Maggie was frae hame.
' Aweel,' quo' he, ' it's a' the same,
You'll do as weel as her ;
She's nought to me nae mair than you,
And noo I'm fain to tell
The treasure o' my heart atrue
Was aye your bonnie sel'.
My lassie, sae gaucy,
Fu' often did I crave

For this sweet hour that gi'es me joy
To tell you a' the lave.

Meg in the press did gирн and grane,
Wi' smothered sighs made waeful mane,
And aft was fain to speak,
As Watt wi' vows o' love was thrang,
And for his supper thinkin' lang,
Sat by the ingle cheek,
And squeezed the dawty to his breast,
And keeked in the pat.
She ne'er took up his hints the least,
But aye the langer sat,
Till dryly, he slyly
Did, out o' patience, name
The lowin' raptures o' his heart,
And cravin's o' his wame.

His appetite bein' rather keen,
She gi'ed him bowls and plates to clean,
But slipped in his hat
Some thin cauld parritch she had made,
As smilin' aye, she slyly said :
'Come mak' your supper, Watt ;

There's mutton plenty at your will,
And Kilmarnock cheese ;'
And syne she crammed his pouches full
O' tasty bits to please.
Wi' that aye, he eat aye,
And hancked at rib and limb,
Till beef and fowl were out o' sight,
And a' the dishes toom.

Meg ran to bring her maister doon,
Tauld him some sturdy gangrel loon
Was rangin' through the house,
And stealin' a' things he thought fit—
Had ta'en her roast frae aff the spit,
And weel-stuffed sonsie goose—
And had his wallet fu' o' gear,
O' mair than she could name.
Her maister took nae time to spier,
But doon the stair he came,
A-tearin' and swearin',
And roarin' wild and wud,
Brought doon his stick on stair and
rail
Wi' mony a thunderin' thud.

‘ Gude save's !’ quo' Watt, ‘ wha's that asteer ?’

‘ Whisht,’ quo' the lass, ‘ he's comin' here.’

‘ Wha's comin' ?’ Watt did roar.

‘ My maister's comin', do you ken ?

He'll range the house baith but and ben.’

Watt flew and seized the door,

Banged on his head his hat, and then,

Like streaks o' rain 'mang glaur,

The parritch doon his haffits ran,

While he, to make it waur,

Wi' tumblin' and rumblin',

Fell o'er the washin'-tub,

And spluttered out amang the stanes

Athort the water dub.

Then squaked the deuks, and keckled
hens,

And barked the dogs like goodness kens,

And a' the town was steered.

Syne doors and windows opened wide,

And heads banged out on ilka side,

And flickerin' lights appeared,

And ‘ Catch the thief !’ roared ilka loon,

And weans scraiched out wi' fright,

And clatterin' wives ran up and doon ;
But Watt slipped out o' sight,
Wi' chasin' and racin',
Gat hame, but aye took care
Ne'er to gang back that gate to court
For cake and pudding mair.

GREENOCK'S SUNNY BAY.

THE sun shines through the showery mist
On peacefu' Gareloch wi' a smile,
And rainbow clouds ha'e partin' kissed
The risin' mōuntains o' Argyle.
The siller cary leaves the sky,
The gulls are skimming o'er the spray,
And life and mirth are risin' high
O'er Greenock's bonnie sunny bay,
As lighten up the morning beams
O'er Greenock's bonnie sunny bay.

Row weel your oars, the waves we meet
Wi' loupin' hearts o' canty cheer :



Now comes the merry fisher fleet,
And blithesome pleasure is asteer.
The winds ha'e ceased to rise the storm
Throughout the peacefu' gowden day,
Sleep in the cozie leafy dens
Round Greenock's bonnie sunny bay,
And sweet enchantment fills the scene
O' Greenock's bonnie sunny bay.

See yonder gallant barque has come
Laden wi' treasures o' the cane,
To gladden mony a heart and home ;
We'll bid them welcome back again.
And cheers on cheers frae yonder beach,
Alang the shinin' waters play,
And follow far the outward-bound
O'er Greenock's bonnie sunny bay,
As Neptune's fearless sons sweep on
Frae Greenock's bonnie sunny bay.

And Clutha's braid and gaucy stream
Comes flowing like a swelling sea,
And siller glintin' wavelets gleam,
And dancin' glide wi' summer glee.

Flow, Clyde, sending fleets o' wealth
To varied nations far away ;
Thy beauty teems wi' thousand charms
In Greenock's bonnie sunny bay,
The gowden haven o' the west,
Sweet Greenock's bonnie sunny bay.

One of the derivations of the word Greenock is *Grizzanay*,
'Sunny Bay.'

THE MISANTHROPE.

Eve's twilight veil came lowering on
The naked, bleak, and barren moor ;
With deep and raving savage moan
The wind did howl, and torrent pour ;
Far in the thick and mazy wood,
In hermitage of solitude,
Secluded from the world, his hate—
From all that falsehood vowed to be—
From hollow, artificial state,
And callous, cold duplicity—

Sir Edgar sat in thought profound,
Secure from pattering storms around.

He heard the rushing hail and wind
Wide through the forest raging loud,
And phantom thoughts swept through his mind
Like shadows of a passing crowd ;
And fancy's flights on pinions rose,
And soared to regions no one knows,
And on enchanted wings of gold
His ideas leapt from star to star,
Where myriad worlds stupendous rolled ;
Hence on the elements at war,
Like meteors, flashed a gleaming train
Swift on the whirlwind of his brain.

And then each busy fleeting thought
O'er retrospective scenes was cast,
When young impassioned feelings wrought
To transports that could never last.
He as of old did fondly trace
Impressions time could ne'er efface ;
With lonely heaviness of heart,
Instinctively he brooded on

The love which urged him on to part
From all he loved—the dear one gone.
The happiness that would not rest,
He felt as if he had possessed.

With her had fled the magic spell
That charmed in youthful innocence,
The teasing love that pleased so well
While it enthralled the soul and sense.
On us oft seeming blessings pour
That leave but sorrow for their dower.
Lured to the dazzling giddy choice
Of flatterers 'mid the thoughtless gay,
Did she in hollow scenes rejoice
Of airy, light frivolity ;
A drooping willow, and alone,
She left him loveless, and had gone.

On such he mused, and in the fire
Gazed on the ember's lambent flame
With thoughts of disappointed ire,
When to his door his valet came,
And gently an admittance sought.
'Twas granted, and with him he brought

Two children drenched, and pale, and cold,
And trembling with the blighting blast ;
Their limbs a tale of pleading told,
While meekness o'er their features cast
The guileless look, the artless ease
Of truthful purity to please.

They told the story of their woes— ;
How father fell a ruined rake ;
How mother slept in death's repose ;
How avarice did their little take,
Remorseless and unpitying hurled
Them coldly to a friendless world ;
How oft they'd heard their mother speak
Of good Sir Edgar on the moor ;
How she, when dying, bade them seek
A refuge at his friendly door ;
How they had wandered many a where,
But found no good Sir Edgar there.

He keenly scanned each lovely face,
The dripping ringlets on their brow ;
In each sweet feature 'gan to trace
Some semblance lost, but where, or how,

Or when, reflection could not say ;
But swept from scene to scene astray,
O'er regions of forgetfulness ;
And past events like spectres rose
Of life's gay joys and pale distress,
Till memory hastened to disclose
The form of her, his youthful bliss,
In all her budding loveliness.

Inquiry brought the quick reply,
They were the children of the same :
His dormant feelings rose on high,
Contending passions went and came ;
The nameless love that silent lay
Through years of patient agony,
He saw in them as when he found
Enlarged existence in her eye,
When all the world seemed happy round,
And bliss was rising on her sigh,
In each they lived of mutual soul,
In mind and sentiment a whole.

The eye was the interpreter
That sank to woe or soared to hope ;

She read in him, he read in her,
Should passion flow or ardour drop :
Nor dreamed he of inconstancy,
Nor friendship fleeting all away,
For love was born in him intense,
So tenderly and purely sweet.
He on her orphans lavished hence
The heart that ne'er had known deceit,
Nor houseless were they doomed to roam,
But found a father and a home.

With adoration at the shrine
Of heart's intense confiding faith,
He had seen all in her divine,
In them her image left at death.
Though of his idol now bereft,
For them was his devotion left ;
And with them hence in peace unchanged,
Time came with new unceasing joys,
Nor years of seasons could estrange
Affection passing to the skies ;
Though thoughts morose the mind control,
Love lights the gloom of every soul.

ADDRESS TO THE MUSES.

SPIRITS of the immortal shrine,
Who tuned Apollo's heavenly lyre,
Swelled the celestial strains divine,
So full of pathos, passion, fire,
Deep tenderness, and melting love,
That drew from gods the streaming tear,
And soothed the mighty soul of Jove,
Whose scowl creation struck with fear—
Grief, mirth, hope, pity, dancing, joy,
You can create or may destroy.

Oh, how you wooed me to your strains,
When my untutored mind was young ;
Wed to your charms, bound in your chains,
With ardent zeal, and harp unstrung,
I struggled to your sacred fane :
As when the swimmer nears the shore,
Is dashed by adverse waves again,
Still hoped, yet feared to reach you more.

But oh, how full the ecstasy
I felt when first I sang the lay !

Then have I wandered by the rill,
Or sought the calm sequestered bowers ;
Of summer beauties drank my fill,
And fancy's sweets in musing hours ;
Or scanned my thoughts the battle's broil
The charge and the confused retreat,
As states became the tyrant's spoil,
Whose will could doom an empire's fate ;
How blood flows out from patriot veins
Ere freedom back the victory gains.

And I have joined the brilliant ball
Where love-lit eyes spoke love to mine,
And music filled the gleaming hall
With full and teeming tones divine ;
And hearts to hearts in mingled bliss
Leapt high with feelings pure and meek
And full of ardour. Scenes like this
Gay joy and rosy pleasure seek ;
They're but the starlights through the gloom,
Youth's fire will all itself consume.

And I have climbed the mountain path
And viewed the heavens' bejewelled host,
Great nature in her smiles and wrath ;
In wonder's admiration lost,
Seen the terrific roaring main
Roused from the sleep and peace of rest,
With mockery of a god's disdain,
The intruding fleet heave from its breast ;
The rainbow clasping in its arms
A world and its exquisite charms.

Where beauty's love with mind could blend
In virgin feelings, pure and meek,
I sought affection and a friend,
Such were the joys my soul would seek.
When happy thoughts forgot to flow,
What is the world to you or me ?
The generous charity and glow
Of fellow-feeling wills us free ;
We live not for ourselves alone—
Hence, Mammon's sordid slaves, begone.

They who could ne'er bestow the mite,
Ne'er happy were to give relief ;

And they whom nature's charms delight,
Feel all her sweets and joys the chief ;
And he who views the expanding scene,
Bedazzled by the morning ray,
And o'er the mountain cataract lean
Unmoved, is but a thing of clay
That is and lives, but lives in vain—
Away with such, my soul's disdain.

Dear nymphs, oh how I love ye still !
Ye angels of Parnassus Mount,
Do let me drink of sweets my fill,
Sprung from your pure and lucid fount ;
To wander in the realms of thought,
Where all in wide creation seems
To wear our fancies into nought,
And leave a moral to our dreams.
Though cast upon a sterile shore,
You leave me still to love you more.

Give me the muse that soars on high,
Finds wonders in each flower that springs,
Leading the mind's omniscient eye
O'er regions of imaginings ;

Sees in creation's God the true
Great Cause of all, and I a part
Of all His works, that fill the view
Of space unknown ; for such impart
That adoration due to Thee,
Great Being, from such things as we.

Reflection oft may yearn to know
How thoughts are born or passions spring,
Like sprites or angels come and go,
In substance nought, yet everything ;
Or whether matter forms the mind,
Eternal spirit is the soul ;
Or whether well or ill inclined,
External objects guide the whole :
Mysterious wonders still we are,
Strange as the comet bleeding star.

Go, fill the philosophic page
By abstruse, cunning saws to vex,
Or hear the wisdom-bearded sage
Explain to puzzle and perplex ;
A voice comes from some deep recess
Of conscience, telling on and on

If matter cannot change to less,
But as eternal claims its own,
And soul be matter, then 'tis true
The soul must be eternal too.

But cease this muse, it gives me pain,
The soul looks up to nature's God ;
Hence, baseless phantoms of the brain !
With sophistry make thy abode.
Seek we for refuge at the hand
Of Him the Father of design,
Who, all in all, creation planned.
His love to us is all benign ;
'Tis but the pervert would be free
From all responsibility.

Give me to learn the human mind,
And grasp it with a poet's ken,
Portray the passions, and to find
Fire sparkling from the magic pen ;
To learn the truths which wisdom knows,
And workings of the human will ;
And when the flood of feeling flows,
Leap with their joys, nor e'er be still

When woman weeps. O muse divine,
Let no such frigid heart be mine.

Poor bird, I flutter on the wing,
On pinions feeble aim to soar ;
My notes but charmless music bring ;
If heard, few deign to hear me more.
High strains float o'er Parnassus peak,
Whilst I keep chirping at the base,
And fluttering up, in vain do seek
To reach the bards whose lofty lays
In grand seraphic numbers join,
Revered by the celestial nine.

THE LOVE OF HOME.

ARREN as the fruitless desert is the heart
That casts no fond nor sorrowing look behind,
As hurrying from his native home to part
From all we love, feels no impulse to bind

Dear memories to his nature—nought to start
The flow of feeling in his hollow mind ;
Whose withered bosom could not give the tears
Reflection brings o'er thoughts of vanished
years.

If such to no attachment e'er was bound,
The land he leaves, and land to which he goes,
In him hath nothing lost nor nothing found ;
For him let no one weep, or feel the woes
He felt for none. Whoe'er to all around
But yields the wish which foes may give to
foes,
With no regret to part or soul to feel,
Such leaves his country for his country's weal.

'Tis vain to talk, for such there doth not live ;
Or if there do, let us discard the knave
Whom nature's yearning wishes could not give
An impulse kinder than the cruel grave.
Perish the stoic where there's none to save,
Love, or condole. The world cannot have
A spot more suited to this block of stone,
Than on a rock to live and die alone.

Oh what conflicting passions fill the soul
Of him long doomed through many climes to roam !
How fancies rise as still he nears the goal
To hail, if left, the circle of his home !
Now leaps his heart and greets the happy whole,
Then sinks, and deems some dear ones in the tomb;
And next in freaks of rapture feels their hand
Wringing him welcome to his native land.

Give me the man can meet your steady gaze,
Of honest purpose and an open hand,
Noble of heart, and generous in his ways ;
And I'll be sworn he loves his native land,
Rejoices in the sunshine of her days,
Her towering greatness and supreme command,
Proud of the sacred beauty of her name,
And glorying in the honours of her fame.

See Caledonia's hardy mountaineers
Rejoicing in the garb of ancient Gaul,
Their heath-clad glens and home of stalking deers,
Doth for her honour bleed and glory fall ;
Whilst the Swiss hero melts in liquid tears,
And leaves the ranks that stood a mighty wall,

As rise the loved notes of his country's songs
That tell the tale of freedom and her wrongs.

The Esquimaux adores his cold bleak clime,
His icy regions, and his hut of snow ;
The shepherd roams 'mid Alpine scenes sublime,
His mountain home is all he loves to know ;
The proud Circassian hath through troubled time
For sterile regions caused his blood to flow—
The land that hath not given the patriot birth,
Let it be blank upon the chart of earth.

The love of home hath claimed its sacred place
Inherent in us. 'Tis the angel guide
That leads the thoughts of every tribe and race
To deem his spot of birth his country's pride ;
Where first his infant steps were taught to pace
His native soil, there latent charms abide,
Dear to his feelings. Friends of years long gone
He ever loves to cherish as his own.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

How nameless and full are the feelings that flow
From the bosom of mother to child ;
They have all that the angels of sympathy know
Of all that's endearing and mild.
There is more in her tears than was ever expressed
By the language that Genius could give ;
From the springs of affection so deep in her breast
Comes the pure gush of fondness, the kindest and best,
And with her as her being doth live.

Her love at our birth grew along with our years
From the bud to the blossom of youth ;
As in weakness it cherished, in sorrow it cheers,
And its fervour is faithful as truth.
It beats with the pulse of her heart for our weal,
With the quiet ceaseless anguish of care ;
And the yearnings of nature that ever will steal
To her breast, with the wishes a mother can feel,
Nature gave, and the jewel is there.

Some love-glow of feeling through all is diffused,
 But is all in the mother's instilled,
Who doated, yet chastened, and though she accused,
 For our pleadings with sympathy filled ;
And taught us to bend on the suppliant knee,
 On the King of creation to call
For the love which endures, and is given to be
 Eternal as Him who bestowed it, and free
 As the gift of redemption to all.

When the grand sun of glory from regions un-
 known
 Rose to beam on the Sabbath of rest,
She told us of tribes in yon far sunny zone,
 And of empires by millions possessed.
Where the lakes are enriched with the beds of the gem,
 Yet the Pearl of Price is not there,
And the sweet Sabbath-bells bring no tidings to
 them,
Whilst the current of mind doth barbarity stem,
 And is darkest where nature is fair.

How solemn to us seemed those Sabbaths of peace,
 And lulled into quiet how still ;

And how strange when the ring of the anvil would
cease,

And the sounds of the flail and the mill ;
When the world seemed hushed in serenity's dreams,

And the hymn of the morning arose
With the simple rejoicings and pathos that teems,
As the light of the truth more effulgently beams
When the soul finds the calm of repose.

Then our gay Sunday weeds would she tidily try
Till we dressed the approved of her skill—
For were we not all the approved of her eye ?—
And her thoughts full of pleasure would fill.
Though time may our circles of friendship derange
In the mart and the mansion of God,
Though the flock may depart, and the pastor be
strange,
Yet the love of a mother—no ! never will change
From the heart of its lasting abode.

Since the first thrill of joy that awoke at our birth,
When we came the delight of her arms,
We were all, in our childhood, her pleasure on earth—
We had all, to her fancy, of charms.

With a smile for our smile, and a sigh for our grief,
She has watched us to soothe and caress,
Through the long sleepless nights, with the trusting
belief
That the next and the next hour would bring us relief
As she leaned o'er our bed of distress.

When all have deserted you, she is your friend,
Ever changeless, abiding, and true ;
With the love that endures every storm to the end
She doth battle each tempest for you.
When ruin is round you with friendship's decay,
And your hopes to the heartless are cast,
She will cling still the more ; and when mouldering
away
Dies their love, 'mid the ashes of falsehood, a ray
Of her fealty burns on to the last.

Where vice may have left the vile brand on the brow,
She loves on to retrieve and reclaim
The rectitude lost, and the mind that could bow
To delusive debasement and shame.
And the counsels she gave in the childhood of years
Will revisit the soul for to save ;

For the virtue she taught to the conscience adheres ;
E'en her voice from the dead, and her pleadings of
tears,
Speak the love that but dies in the grave.

THE COTTON TREE.

THERE grew in the wilds, on the lands of the sun,
A down-budded tree like the feathery snows,
And its branches o'er regions of desert had run,
Where for ages the tribes of barbarity rose ;
And widely in fleaks, all its riches unknown
By the swift winds of waste in profusion were strewn.

And Genius arrived on the sun-sheeny shore,
Who ne'er saw the plant God created in vain,
And the snow-fleecy down of its petals he bore
In triumph across the blue waves of the main ;
And Britannia saw how her stores would increase,
And received from his hands the sweet laurel of peace.

And the wise men of art, in the power of their skill,
Did the deep thought of study to mystery give,
Theirs was not the fiendish contrivance to kill,
But the thought to be happy and lovingly live ;
That smiling frugality ever should bring
Her children of peace 'neath her shadowy wing.

Industry, the handmaid of science, applied
The fingers of toil to the swift merry wheel,
And each with the task of prosperity vied,
And mankind rejoiced at frugality's weal ;
And peace reigned in honour supreme on her throne,
And around her the lamps of intelligence shone.

And Flora came forth from the once barren wold,
Transformed to a garden gay, fruitful and neat ;
And Plenty arrived with her horn of gold,
And the stores of abundance she laid at her feet.
Thus the harvest of wealth a rich bounty was borne
Like the tributes of love by the nymphs of the
morn.

But hark ! there's a sound 'bove the tumult of storm ;
On the hurricane's pinions it sweeps o'er the sea :

'Tis Liberty's call, and the blast of her horn,
She pleads for the trampled, and shouts for the free,
And mingled commotions are heard o'er the world,
The curse of oppression, the wail of the slave.

Humanity kneels at the rich mercy-seat ;
May she drop not her tear-showers of pity in vain,
For Heaven's reward on the generous await,
And the gifts of the good will return again.
The lords of creation, by Heaven's decree,
Is mankind exalted, unfettered, and free.

Oh, say not this emblem of blessings must corrupt,
From the tree of oppression that's nurtured vice and
sighs ;
That an Upas of death grows the wealth of our
Be't the tree of the free, and to Heaven arise
Her feathery blossoms in plenteous store,
And be hailed to our hearts more endeared than

THE LOVE OF ORDER.

How would we be were there designed
No love of order in the will,
Which men in peaceful union bind
And bid the storms of life be still,
Nor reason battle to restrain
Confusion's universal reign ?

As when the golden reins of power
Are grappled by a lawless band,
And wild revenge and terrors shower
Their horrors o'er a blighted land,
And tumult, like a roaring sea,
Devours the cause of liberty.

Or when the tyrant's power has hurled
The just to chains who aimed to climb,
And jealous looks on all the world
As each suspicious looks on him,
While all are writhing in distress
With wrongs, to meet with no redress.

If thus it were, each, in his sphere
Unsafe, with cautious fear would tend
The all to his existence dear,
Where rights nor order's laws defend,
Dictating for the selfish will,
And strength bid wisdom's voice be still.

It is not so, for He who brought
From chaos an eternal light,
Hath wide creation's beauties wrought
With all enchantments of delight,
And framed each grand supreme design
With mysteries man can ne'er define :

Hath formed the full developed mite
And animation from decay,
The life from death, the all that's right
In order's beauteous harmony ;
The myriads of creeping things,
And myriad worlds on solar wings :

With golden laws to nature's whole,
Made gravity creation's guide ;

Gave latent genius to the soul
Of men with powers supremely wide ;
To instinct order's laws innate
Inherent powers to stimulate.

Impulsive passions all derange,
And wildly leap beyond their bounds ;
Excitements fly to every change,
And folly runs her dizzy rounds ;
Still reason's pure transparent ray
Beams full on order's rosy way.

Excessive pleasures borrow pain ;
Behind excessive revelry,
Reflection wins the plea again,
And brings to order's milder sway :
E'en rapture is not bliss it seems,
For nature lives not in extremes.

As light's gold halo round the sun,
May peaceful glory gird our isle,
And happy order link as one
Her people's sympathies the while,

Who, should aggression strike the blow,
May stern and fearless beard the foe.

Be order in the senate-hall,
When wisdom wills the nation's weal,
Be order's counsels over all ;
With mankind it is never stale—
The sweet joys of his common lot,
That charm the palace or the cot.

Give me the land whose golden laws
Maintain a prince or peasant's right,
And justice the conclusion draws
That stands upon the rock of might,
And all are safe within the sway
Of heavenward soaring liberty.

LINES

IN MEMORY OF AGNES M'LACHLAN, DAUGHTER OF THE AUTHOR,
WHO DIED ON SABBATH, JANUARY 25, 1863, AGED 4 YEARS;
INTERRED IN GREENOCK CEMETERY.

CHILD of my hope, away before
Into the dark and narrow cell,
The happiness we had in store,
The treasure that we loved so well,
Is gone with thee, and now we know
The little fondling of our cheer,
That filled our bosoms with the glow
Of love that holds thee ever dear.

When beaming faces round our hearth
The evening hours of joy would take,
Thou art not there to share their mirth,
And all are solemn for thy sake.
Then from the fount of sorrow steals
Thy mother's tears, and with a sigh
The blank our little circle feels,
Where oft thy laugh rose ringing high.

Still I behold thy dimpled smile
That kindly made me welcome home,
Whose artless innocence could wile
Affection ere the frown would come.
And I behold thy locks of gold
That nestled in my bosom bare,
Thy prattling tale so sweetly told
Doth memory ever cherish there.

Long sighed thou for the happy place
In golden regions far away,
To see the Saviour's beaming face,
And with the little cherubs play ;
And sing with them the heavenly songs
So sweet, with angel strains divine :
That holy joy to thee belongs,
Celestial cheer is ever thine.

We little thought the pink-sweet rose
That went and left thy cheek so pale,
Gave omen of thy long repose,
Our blighted bliss, our sorrow's wail.
It was the spirit's waning gleam
That flashed so in your dove-like eyes,

Passing to where your hope's young dream
Hailed glory's home beyond the skies.

We snatch the pleasures life can give
Like playmates at a passing shade,
And still we in the future live,
That future too is with the dead.
Farewell, my sweet one, in a while
The Lord may soothe our bosom's pain,
And take us where thy own sweet smile
Forbids our grief to come again.

THE WORLD IS MY HOME.

THE world is my home, and in every clime
I can still find my brothers, the pilgrims of time,
With the soul that is true and untainted with guile,
And the face where pure honesty speaks in the smile.
For worth ever beams in the innocent eye
From the heart where your trust may contentedly
lie,

And depraved is the will pity never could bend,
Or that tribe where your hope may not look for a
friend.

The world is my home, and from birth to the tomb
Life e'er hath its pleasures to lighten the gloom ;
The storm-king may frown in the cloud-troubled sky,
And be soothed as the smile after sorrow's last sigh.
Mishaps will surround with the doom of our fall,
Unseen freaks of destiny trouble us all ;
Whilst the hours of endearment can lessen our toil,
The frowns of mischance go unheeded the while.

The world is my home, and when hope leads the way,
Let despair bid me follow, I cease to obey ;
Though the dark sullen clouds of adversity lower,
Yet success will shine through the gloom of the
shower.

Disappointment may come with colossal stride,
Still patience, the pilot, can weather the tide,
And mirth strike the lyre, and its tones be the charm
To enchant our fond sympathies, feeling and warm.

THE WIFE O' THE DRUNKARD.

DECEMBER comes surly wi' cauld sleet and rain,
That pours down in torrents to flood street and lane ;
The dull clouds o' night are wi' blackness o'ercast,
And the snell chill o' winter comes cauld in the blast.
In yonder frail garret whaur dreeps the wet slate,
There blinks the last cinder that dies in the grate ;
Through the clout-stappit lozen the wind blaws sae
bleak ;
And on the cauld hearthstane sits crouched wi' bare
feet
The wife o' the drunkard, the wife o' the drunkard,
That keeps her lane watch by the ingle's cauld cheek.

Her supperless bairns ha'e a' gane to sleep
Wi' her promise o' comfort she never can keep ;
A' happit in claes that's weel clouted wi' care,
For their dudds are a' clean, sae what can she dae
mair ?
The clock has struck ane, for dull midnight is past—
Hark ! a tottering step on the stair comes at last—

"Tis him, the besotted, wi' pale haggard cheek,
And een glazed and dim, that she hastens to seek,
The wife o' the drunkard, the wife o' the drunkard,
That keeps her lane watch by the ingle's cauld cheek.

That heart ance was gleesome, that's seared wi' despair,
And that face smiles and roses, that's furrowed wi'
care ;
For her true heart was wiled aff when love's gowden
beams
Threw the charms o' enchantment o'er a' her young
dreams.

Noo the candle is spent, and the drunkard resumes
His pallet o' straw for to sleep aff the fumes
O' debauch, and wi' curses he draps aff to sleep,
Whilst lanely and sad sits in darkness to greet
The wife o' the drunkard, the wife o' the drunkard,
That keeps her lane watch by the ingle's cauld cheek.

Frae his slumbers he wakes as awakes the cauld
morn,
To gaze on the hame he has made sae forlorn ;
Then a pang o' remorse strikes at ance to his soul,
And the cursed bottle-imp under whase vile control

He has lived the mean slave, is noo dashed frae his
han',
And again he's the husband, the father, the man ;
And his bairns ever smilin', his wife ever meek
In her hame o' contentment, nor mair does she greet
As the wife o' the drunkard, the wife o' the drunkard,
That keeps her lane watch by the ingle's cauld cheek.

THE NEW-YEAR'S DAY MEETING.

A'e New'r-day night sat drouthy Will
Wi' mony a canty cronicie,
For Will could crack, and quaff his yill,
And sing a verse wi' ony.
That auld St Mungo's flock could tell,
For ance, to a' their wonder,
He sang 'The lass o' Patie's mill,'
Instead o' guid 'Auld hunder.'

The worthy pastor glowered amazed,
Sprang to his feet and stuttered :

'Gu—Gu—Gude save us a.' The elders gazed,
The wags and youngsters tittered ;
Will bit his lips against the maut
Wi' grief, and shame, and anger,
And ca'd it Wabster Wattie's faut,
And syne he struck up 'Bangor.'

But let that flee stick to the wa'.

This night, as I was sayin',
'Mang buns, and cheese, and beer an' a'
He had a glorious dain' ;
'Tween snuffin', crackin', jokes, and joy,
And draps o' drink, I'm thinkin',
He sung o' Rab the rovin' boy,
Till dazed he took to blinkin'.

When roused, he vowed by a' aboon,
Wi' airs fu' brisk and frisky,
His cheese was like a Hieland moon,
And graybeard fu' o' whisky.
A'e tricky chield amang the rest
Gey fain to make a joke o't,
Slipped, wi' a sleight o' han' the best,
The key frae Willie's pocket.

But when he gi'ed the lave the wink,
For mates he wasna wantin',
To pree Will's buns, and cheese, and drink,
And ha'e a night o' rantin';
When on their gaet a son o' Mars,
Faint, weary, lame, and creepin',
Was makin' hameward frae the wars,
And sought a bed to sleep in.

Wi' that, quo' he wha had the key :
'Come here, my soldier denty,
We're twa-three lads upon the spree,
Sae dinna want for plenty.'
Wi' this they marched to Willie's bield,
And vowed by Tinker Tibbock,
The kilted chield frae India's field
Would taste Will's buns and kebbuck.

The lamp was trimmed, the kettle sang,
As ane blew wi' the bellows ;
Wi' weel-filled table feasted thrang
The rantin' jolly fellows.
The soldier blest the land o' cakes,
And vowed himsel' their debtor,

Declared his country for their sakes
He aye would lo'e the better.

Syne sometime when the feast was o'er,
It cam' to deuch-an-dorris,
Ane sang 'The barrin' o' the door,'
A' joined the merry chorus.
The soldier, stocken'd and weel fed,
Tauld mony a wondrous story :
At last they left him in his bed,
To dream o' war and glory.

Syne back they cam', got Willie thrang
Among his jests and daffin',
Till merrily the biggin' rang
Wi' deavin' peals o' laughin':
They slipped him back the key fu' neat,
And hameward spoke o' startin' ;
It's dreigh when drouthy neighbours
meet,
But time will come for partin'.

Will staggered on the road himsel',
Danced to the moon, and 'stead o'

Jock or Tam, sang to the well,
Or lectured to his shadow.
He reached his hame, but what was there ?
Clear fire, the kettle singin' ;
Tea-dishes set, and ower the chair
A soldier's coat was hingin' !

He glowered around : still on the wa'
The cuckoo nock was clinkin'.
Quo' he : ' Guid save's ! what's this ava ?
Lo'd, surely I've been drinking.
A soldier here, nae kin to me,
Or I've ne'er heard nor kent it !
There's surely glammer o'er my ee,
Or I ha'e grown demented.'

The soldier woke, sprang to the floor,
Took Willie for a robber
Will gaped and glowered, and sweat wi' fear,
And quaked till maistlins sober.
The soldier had his bayonet seized,
And like a fiend o' fury
As quickly Willie's thrapple squeezed,
And felled him in a hurry.

‘Mercy, for heaven !’ cried Will in style,
‘I crave your honour’s pardon ;
My worthless life’s no worth your while—
Scarce value for a farden.
If you maun ha’e my house, just sit,
And take what I can spare o’t,
Do ocht you like, and I’ll submit ;
A’ mine is yours to share o’t.’

‘Who are you,’ roared the Celt, ‘I say ?’
‘Sir, I am, in my station,
Singer o’ sacred psalmody,
And teacher to the nation.
The tenant, please you, o’ this house ;
But if you want a len’ o’t,
Tak’ it, but dinna look sa crouse—
We baith may mak’ a fen o’t.’

‘This is no house o’ thine,’ quo’ he ;
‘How daur you here to enter ?’
‘This no my house ! am I no *me* ;
St Mungo’s kirk precentor ?’
‘Look to your brains,’ quo’ he o’ Mars,
Wi’ mair o’ wrath than feelin’ ;

Syne sent him out to count the stars,
Adoon the stairs a-reelin'.

Loud burst the laughin' and guffaw
Fae Willie's cronies gathered ;
Some held their sides, some held the wa',
Some lay like calves straw-tethered ;
Some catched Will tumblin' doon the
stair,
Mair terrified than loun'ered ;
Back to his house a' did repair,
Poor Will was a' dumfoun'ered.

But a' was weel explained in time,
A' pardons sought and granted ;
And Will ne'er ca'd the farce a crime,
And a' got what they wanted—
Fun and frolic, canty joys,
The sang and happy greeting—
And aft since syne the merry boys
Ha'e laughed at New'r-day meetin'.

Oh, wae's me on the barley-bree
That steals awa our senses !

There's landlord Cleekhimin to pay,
And lawyer Quirk's expenses ;
And blunder here and blunder there,
And follies out o' season,
Wi' pouches toom, and coats threadbare,
For drink to drown the reason.

Then wisdom's big, and big the boast
That leads to mony a caper ;
Imagination's fancy's ghost,
And vanishes in vapour ;
When waefu' penitence or care,
Comes gnawing like a viper,
Wi' tumblin' down misfortune's stair,
And dance and pay the piper.

LINES

IN MEMORY OF MARY M'LACHLAN, DAUGHTER OF THE AUTHOR,
WHO DIED ON JULY 3, 1864, AGED 10 YEARS; INTERRED IN
GREENOCK CEMETERY.

'DEAR mother, I am going home
To sleep where little Agnes lies,
And we will both together roam
In groves of peace beyond the skies ;
And wait thy coming, mother dear,
Then we will be where angels live.
Dry up the sorrow-streaming tear,
God now but takes what He did give.'

So said my child, who prostrate fell,
Soon to be hurried home from me ;
Whose joys with mine did ever swell,
And sympathies did still agree.
So good, so wise, though young of years,
Could I but mourn who felt a part
Plucked from my being ; memory bears
Her image ever to my heart.

136 **LINES IN MEMORY OF MARY M'LACHLAN.**

She haunts my dreams in silent night,
And dancing to me comes by day,
And smiles before me in the light
Of love and beauty all away.
Now writhing in the long, and sad,
And silent agonies of woe,
Grief leaves a gloom where all was glad
And happy, happy long ago.

The bloom of beauty on her face
Went fading like the twilight hour,
Her ringlets did each other chase,
Dishevelled like a sunny shower ;
Adown her cheeks their wealth of gold
Shone brightly as I see them yet ;
Her farewell gaze can ne'er be told,
Its meaning I can ne'er forget.

It said her love still clung to me,
But needs must go, yet fain would stay ;
Her heaving bosom seemed to be
All full of tokens either way ;
That swelling heart had love for all,
Too sweet for this sad world of pain.

God called, and she obeyed the call—
I should not wish her back again.

Oh, what a dream is length of days,
Ambition's fame, and rank of pride !
Disease still mocks with sickly gaze,
And death is here at every stride.
And all we love are passing hence
Like forms across the mirror's face ;
Death ne'er is baffled by defence,
And life can ne'er its steps retrace.

THE BANQUET OF VICTORY.

MEN bustling ran from street to street
In happiness asteer ;
The bells pealed forth a nation's joy ;
A nation's voice of cheer
Rung through the cities of our Queen,
And gladdened every ear.

And eager groups stood drinking up
The words of those could tell
That tidings came on joyful wings
Sebastopol had fell ;
Then cheers rose with the manly voice
Of raptures none can tell.

And in Lord Lowland's gorgeous
halls
Did wealth and fashion throng,
Where hours of sumptuous festival—
The revel and the song—
Swept on like an enchanted dream
Of happiness along.

And many a glance of pleasure
From the eyes of beauty came,
And many a smile betrayed that love
The tongue can never name,
And many a gallant wished that night
He had a soldier's fame.

Yet in those halls of grandeur
Lady Flora sat alone ;

She heard not all that music
With exquisiteness of tone,
Nor saw the dancers as they passed
her
Sweeping swiftly on.

She trifled with her ringlets
As they on her bosom lay,
Her fingers trembled o'er her gauds
Unconscious as in play ;
She toyed with diamonds on her dress,
What mockeries were they !

And noble suitors sought her
With their smiles so courtly bland ;
The earl wooed her for the dance,
And craved her queenly hand ;
But titles had no charms for her,
And rank no more was grand.

She reigned the beauty of the night,
Why were her cheeks so pale ?
Why did the splendour round her
Seem so charmless and so stale ?

The beatings of her heart had all
The secrets of that tale.

Her thoughts where all her love had
been
In silent sorrow ran,
O'er the fiery heights of Alma,
Through the fight of Inkermann,
Where Edward, treasure of her heart,
Fell bravely in the van.

He side by side with great Cathcart
Had grappled with the foe,
And wept to see the gallant lord
Receive his mortal blow ;
And fighting to revenge his death,
Himself was stricken low.

She wondered how they could rejoice ;
Their mirth e'en made her sad.
Was not this earth all sorrow ?
What was here to make them glad,
When all she loved had died for them,
With him the joys she had ?

A noble name had been announced,
The host rose up amazed :
' Is he not dead ? ' said he to all,
As high his hands he raised.
The dancers ceased, and turning to
The entrance, keenly gazed.

And Lady Flora heard the name
With all its many charms :
She ran, and with a ringing scream
Fell swooning in his arms—
Her gallant Edward had returned
From war and death's alarms.

Lord Lowland too had met him,
But he knelt beside her now ;
The tears were on his furrowed
cheeks,
The moisture on his brow ;
Conflicting passions choked his speech—
He felt he knew not how.

And all looked weeping on them,
Till her lips began to move ;

She quivered—then their eyes to heaven
Rose thankfully above ;
She spoke—and Edward bore her off
To happiness and love.

That night went merrily the dance ;
How cheerful side by side
Were they, so long betrothed in love
That could no longer hide ;
That night the soldier of her heart
Had won her for his bride.

And all the guests that met that night
Again were summoned there,
To see Lord Lowland give away
His daughter, young and fair,
To him who was an earl's son,
That noble earl's heir.

THE PASSING CROWD.

L

THROUGH the great highway of the city flows
The stream of life that never finds repose,
From which into the past still drop away
The loved ones who were here but yesterday.
Youth full of power, and genius full of fire,
Whose spark of promise gleamed but to expire
When the great world before them seemed so bright
With golden visions full of grand delight,
And the mind revelled in its fancy play
Through joys oft blasted by reality.
Released from life that ne'er might make them blest,
Death now rewards them with the sleep of rest ;
And they are equal with the great who shone
With name now lost, and blazonry unknown.
Such is the world. Time with a steady power
Blows out fame's reputations of an hour,
Yet up and to the chase for ever rise
Fortune's keen hunters, full of enterprise ;

Still where one ends another hath begun,
Still is the moving bustle never done,
Where restless talent in its swift career,
Filling the blank, soars to the vacant sphere ;
The young race rises, wearing out the old—
Thus is the tale of generations told.

II.

Forth strolls from the dwellings of the grand
Sweet happy childhood at the nurse's hand,
Shining with beauty, o'er his shoulders spread,
The braids of silken ringlets gaily laid ;
With tiny finger points as passes by
Each new large wonder to his beaming eye ;
Prattling and gazing round, and dragged along,
Who yet may rise gigantic 'bove the throng.
He fraternises, kindred in his joy,
With the great bailie, or the widow's boy :
Who gives him mirth, alike with him may fare ;
And the pale poor his playful trifles share ;
Knows no position ; prudery hath not spoiled
Nor marred the happiness of nature's child ;
'Mid his toy friends who never can deceive,
Nor laugh at dupes they flattered to believe ;



Prepares his puppet soldiers for the fray,
His hobby rides commanding as he may ;
His castles built to tumble on the hearth,
Bring for his labours the reward of mirth.
Man's airy castles built in after years,
Oft fall in ruins down the vale of tears ;
But few will come from all his friends around
To raise the fallen structure from the ground.

III.

With thin pale visage, and a studious eye,
The spruce and polished teacher passes by ;
Meekly he through the stream of life doth wade,
His mental toil the future man hath made.
His useful days are ever spent to find
The dormant latent riches of the mind ;
And with his skill come nurtured from his hand
The powers that grow gigantic to command ;
The laurels which adorn the lives of fame,
Sown and improved, have up to honour came ;
From patient cares the world hath never known,
Where he behind the scenes, unheard, alone,
Ekes out his lot, while aping to appear
The gentleman on sixty pounds a year.

The schoolboy whistles home : his task is done ;
He thinks but of his gambles in the sun ;
Light leaps his merry heart : the world for him
Hath no cloud-gloom his light of days to dim.
'Mid thoughtless frolic and the joys of play
His unreflecting youth-dream glides away ;
Sighs oft to be a man, and oft would fain,
When grown a man, have school-days back again.

IV.

Deep skilled in trickery and artful knack,
Here comes the vaunting advertising quack.
With windy stride his ample front he swells ;
A large gold chain his high position tells,
And a great dog of the majestic class
Makes way for his immortal frame to pass.
Puff pills and powders doth the hollow sham
Within the living dead for ever cram.
Still victims come, for victims whom he kills,
And crowds his dark consulting chamber fills,
Where shelved are jars with liquids green and blue,
And herbs and subtle drugs of every hue.
Above, strange creatures of the deep are hung ;
There, bottled monsters by the middle strung ;

Pictures and models of the human frame,
Scalped heads and skeletons of many a name,
And twisted reptiles, give a mystic air
To the gulled, hopeful dupes who gather there.

Yonder's a studious gentleman whose head
Droops with a brow pale as the pulseless dead.
It is the good physician, in whose brains
Broods many a thought on balms for sickly pains.
His task of mercy, nights and days of toil,
He gives to cozen death of many a spoil ;
And to the poor in charity can spare
The healing drug, the hour of watchful care.
High is his mission—Heaven give him speed !—
He serves mankind with many a useful deed.

v.

Yon bustling smart reporter for the press
Hastens to hear an oracle's address,
Who blustering on the stump, foams forth his skill
In turning out corruption at your will ;
Tells of commotions mighty men create,
Of war and intrigue, right and might of state ;
How Heaven made kings, in justice great and fair,
Hang high the ruffian bandits in the air ;

And by the lofty sovereign will of power,
The rights of principalities devour,
Then vaunt of clemency when comes the fall,
They out of mercy had not taken all ;
But when they could have blasted with a frown,
Left them a king, his living, and a crown.
The big bombast oration at an end,
Yon editor must all his judgment lend
To weigh the weighty matter, criticise,
Praise, and condemn, and solemnly advise ;
Or by his pen, as with the sword of death,
Slash round, or burst the bubble with a breath.
Sage of society, what a task is thine !
On big events to question or opine :
At births rejoicing, sad with the bereaved,
Glad with the glad, in sorrow with the grieved ;
Thus contrast passions through the columns run
Like lights and shadows of a setting sun.
Bored by the spleenish, pestered by the fool,
Whose wealth for him claims wisdom as a rule,
Hath sent his letter, empty as his mind,
Whose powers the editor hath failed to find.
Dear Noodle's classic pastoral on a rose
Hath passed his notice—how, fate only knows !—

Nor Lady Scribble's lines his eye hath met,
Wherein she mourned her dying poodle pet.
And Firebrand, who blazed out his soul in full
Four columns long, the editor thinks dull.
Sir Twaddle's namby-pamby stuff is tame—
So says the editor, nor thinks of shame.
Sweet Scribble's in the pet, and Twaddle cries
He can no more that journal patronise.
Still through the days of years, 'mid foul and fair,
New patrons come, and still the journal's there ;
The editor still at his hard brain-toil,
While nations frown and novelties may smile,
Powerful in evil, powerful too in good,
Oft right and wrong, and oft misunderstood.

VI.

Yon student with his books piled 'neath his arm,
Beholds in learning every genuine charm,
Sows the wild oats that yet may ripely rear
The head of honour when the world may hear,
As wonders from his lofty pulpit ring,
When he the news of heavenly hope shall bring,
Whilst thundering forth to all, the better plan
Of virtue, truth, and righteousness to man.

Behind him, heaving pity's heavy sigh,
The city mission'ry walks slowly by.
He thinks of dying lips all parched and pale,
He thinks of melancholy's bitter tale,
From sufferers who the stroke of death can
brave,
Smiling at peace beyond a pauper's grave ;
Thinks of the den of rags, the outcast poor,
The fat dog basking at the rich man's door ;
Thinks of the waste the profligate could spare
To worth with hollow eye and hungry stare ;
The sad and blighted lives of the oppressed
Are the kind cares that fill the good man's
breast.

Beside him struts the merry man of fun,
The great arena clown of jest and pun,
Light antics, and grimace grotesque and grim ;
Who deems all people talking now of him—
How his conundrum joke so deftly draws
Down from the ' gods ' peals of supreme applause
How fame loud trumping through the city tells
Feats of this mighty king of cap and bells,
Whom managers are battling to engage—
The only living wonder of the age.

VII.

There stalks with stiff and prim pomposity,
A lofty, mighty leader of the gay ;
Extreme in fashion, yet he deigns to smile
On the unwashed and needy sons of toil ;
Stares at the animals whose horny hand
Hath raised to wealth and power this mighty
land ;
Born for their task, and to have leave to fill
A place in life, content to labour still.
He thinks great nature had improved her taste
In him at least, and had him highly placed
Above the vulgar, 'mid the grand refined,
The perfect peer and prince of human-kind.
So turns him from them to the brainless fair
Who flaunts her silken plumage in the air,
And leads her empty circle, who surprise
The world with gauds like gilded butterflies—
The snob himself a brilliant by consent,
A doubtless, jewelled, walking ornament,
Whom nature meant to dazzle plebeian eyes
By flaring forth a contrast to the wise.

VIII.

See, the thief-taker cunningly doth lay
His hand upon the rogue voluptuary,
A cool and lynx-eyed villain, wan and thin,
Kid-gloved, moustached, pampered to the chin;
And now a mingled mob of life appears—
The rough knave laughs, the naked Arab sneers,
Who, if degraded, cuffed, and sneaking low,
Was so from birth, and man hath kept him so.
Yon bailiff, ever in the world's fight
Lifts legal crumbs, and battles for the right,
Hunts down the rogue, and makes the law appear
In the loud hammer of the auctioneer.
To mercy deaf, and pitiless to all,
Duty is his, let mercy stand or fall.
Be men discerning 'tween the good and base,
Be ne'er the helpless houseless, mercy says.
May mercy move oppression from the wrong ;
All right is right, and right to all belong.
The lawyer passes, faring too on fees,
Briefs, bonds, and deeds, and quirks in common pleas;
And stubborn clients buried in their cause,
Ever in court and quibbling with the laws,

Netted around with suits that never end.
Procrastination is the lawyer's friend,
Who grapples with the question, everywhere
Precise, polemic, formal to a hair ;
Plays loose and fast, and judging, oft severe,
Bland as it suits, or frigid and austere ;
To eloquence of pleading dull and cold,
The law hath said, the judgment they have told
Truthful to honesty, say they, and must
Be, if severe, severe but to be just ;
And as they with the sightless goddess deal,
Balance the right and wrong in either scale.
Pillars of peace above corruption tower,
Be ye our safety, and a nation's power,
And lofty honour ever be your guide
In laws that virtue deems Britannia's pride.

IX.

Yon gentleman of commerce now hath sold
Vast bales of goods, and hence he dreams of gold ;
Bowing to some, with others shakes the hand ;
Where interest deepens, there supremely bland ;
And finds, whate'er of love the world pretends,
His trusty sovereigns are his sovereign friends.

The more success hath made his fortune sure,
The more is he the helpmate of the poor ;
Industry's busy wheel he moves the while,
And comes with blessings to the home of toil.

See where these fiery steeds in tandem draw
The great and mock commercial prince of straw,
Jewelled and ringed, with lacquey up behind,
And all the pomp parade of wealth and wind,
The puff of cool audacity and boast,
With mansion here, and villa on the coast ;
Oft kindly condescends to take the chair
At clubs, and sits conspicuous everywhere.
In fashion's fair, the peer of the elate ;
In the exchange, looked up to by the great ;
Stares at the opera with a double glass ;
The crowd gives way to let his bigness pass ;
Revered by worldlings, lauded by the press ;
The menial world bows to his high success.
Worshipped by crawlers, lauded everywhere,
High-handed reigns the great sham millionaire,
Till comes the panic with a thunder sound,
Sir Bullion pays a penny to the pound.

Slowly and meekly crawling by the strand,
With songs, a penny to the yard, in hand,

The poor pale starveling, with a plaintive
wail,
Craves patronage to buy another meal ;
Happy at night if happily possessed
Of what may gain him but a night of rest,
And turn him out to seek what may be made
With sixpence to renew his stock-in-trade ;
Amid the venders fighting here to lift
Hard crumbs of living by an honest shift,
Bearing the lot which fate to them has cast,
And dragging out existence to the last.

X.

For ever goes the crowd. Wealth by the side
Of bending poverty and aping pride ;
The humbly rich, and the assuming vain,
Vaunters of worth, but honesty's disdain ;
There strolls with silver-headed staff, at noon,
The great professional of the saloon,
Who struts and stalks, and bawls and stares, and
raves,
And fumes out babbling silly stuff in staves.
These ranting votaries of the funny god
Rhyme wit by grains, waste by the wagon-load.

What matters it they charm the tittering nerve,
Sensation stride, and wind for wit can serve ?
With stump outdone and negro grimace,
And nature's freaks extorted out of face,
Palmed off each in their turn, the comic star,
Observed by the observers at the bar,
Stroke their mustachoes, sip their half-and-half,
And idle life out, living on a laugh.

There merit is unnoticed as his theme,
And bold presumption fattens on his scheme ;
And cunning ignorance to wealth can bore,
Where starves the thinking genius 'mid the poor—
The modest poet fearing to intrude
'Mid thousands, yet alone in solitude.
Son of reflection, wherefore art thou there ?
Go where the singing woods and vales are fair,
And revel in the charms of nature free—
That Babylon of life is not for thee.

xi.

With all their trappings, ribbons, and cockade,
And shining sword in hand proudly displayed,
'Mid cheers, shrill fifing, and the roll of drums,
In march the gay recruiting party comes ;

Talks of promotion, and with eyes awake,
Extols the service where the bait will take ;
Points up to honour, and with artful pranks
Gains o'er the novice to the bristling ranks.

A train of carriages rolls in the chase,
Within are beaming smiles in every face ;
'Tis Hymen's chosen ones, whose hopes and fears
Look through the veil of many future years,
And think, though woes life's happy current stem ;
Yet love at least will have its joys for them.
The flowers of hope, with richest colours dressed,
Oft lose their charms, and wither when possessed.
The truth of love, which time and patience tries,
Within the faithful bosom never dies ;
Nor selfish sorrow cold repentance brings,
But in misfortune nearer passion clings.
On to your mirth go, Hymen's ones, nor stay
The festive joys ; be happy when you may.
The funeral passes solemn, slow, and sad,
For sorrow daily weeps amid the glad.
Soon will that stream of life all joys forsake,
And follow in death's cheerless, sable wake.
 Oh, what a tale of mysteries could disclose
 That stream of life in secret crimes and woes !

What cankering sorrows 'neath the smile serene !
Pinched poverty behind the gilded scene ;
Of love forgot, and innocence betrayed,
With hopes deferred, and promises delayed ;
Ambition blasted, and misfortune sent ;
And broken vows in good that ne'er was meant ;
The cold neglect adversity still gains,
Who once was bored with friends, but friends will
change.

What worms of earth, and snakes upon the grass,
Crawl 'neath success, and let the luckless pass !
What hollow affectation, bland and cool,
Is deemed the virtuous, honesty the fool !
What worthless tinsel goes for sterling gold,
What merit tricked by the intriguing bold !
What cares, what change of spheres, sunshine and
cloud,
Is in the history of that passing crowd !

COMING OF AGE OF THE MARQUIS
OF BUTE.

GREEN, flowery Bute slept on the sea
In happy sweet tranquillity,
Bathed in the waving floods of gold,
While cheerful clouds from mountains rolled,
 And smiling came the morn,
As pipe-notes dancing in the air
Proclaimed the natal day was there,
 The Heir of Bute was born.
The isle awoke to mirth from rest,
And glad hearts leapt in every breast,
 And gaily waved on high
The flaunting flags in gaudy pride,
 And flower-wreaths filled the eye,
As if each cot contained a bride.
Loud laughter cheered each ingle-side :
 ‘Our Marquis,’ was the cry,
‘Is now of age ; then raise the song
For him, the dear one loved so long.’

And mirth came laughing to invite
The feast and dance of gay delight,
The band strains and the lusty cheers—
While up from centuries of years

Time-honoured history brings
Deeds of the Stewart's noble line
Since Bruce the great, who e'er will shine
The king of Scottish kings.

Night came the cup of joy to fill,
And cheered the blaze on every hill,

Illuming heaven with fire ;
And far the loud rejoicing hails
That gladdened son and sire,
And rose in Bute and rose in Wales,
To form the theme of future tales

And all we could desire,
Came gushing from ten thousand hearts
With all that love to love imparts.

We hail the fame that comes of yore,
And for their deeds our sires adore ;
Their sacred relics are revered,
The more remote the more endeared.
The blood that flowed in them,

And flows in the young sapling's veins,
Still more intense esteem it gains
When from the sturdy stem
We find the ancient virtues spring
That vice and folly scorn.
These are the coronet gems you boast,
Which heritage adorn.
What aids the worthy is not lost ;
The soul most noble loves the most,
And cheers the sad who mourns,
Would have his country great and free—
Such, noble Bute, we find in thee.



S O N G S.

BONNIE MAY.

DANCIN' doon the Kittoch* cheery,
Music comes wi' mellow strain ;
Night has joys that never weary,
Love has mair than gowd can gain.
Noo the lover's flute enchantin'
Warbles to the happy maid,
Birds are sleeping in the plantin',
Mute's their concert o' the glade,
And nature listens to the lay
That fills our hearts, my bonnie May.

* Kittoch Burn, near Busby, by Glasgow, flows into the river
Cart.

Dear's the love that keeps me pinin',
Watchin' a' your frowns and smiles ;
Kind's the hope sae faintly shinin'
Frae your glances that bewiles.
Dinna be sae fain to tease me,
Love is a' I ha'e to gi'e
A' the world's gear to please me
Would be naething wantin' thee ;
It's no affection's grand display
Speaks deepest love, my bonnie May.

Though the flowers wi' spangled blossoms
Hide their charms till night has run,
The beauties o' their openin' bosoms
Kiss the beams o' mornin's sun.
Hark, the lover's flute is streamin'
Fu' o' passion's meltin' strains ;
Frae your bosom fondly teamin'
Flows the love that shies and gains,
But can never say me nay,
My ain, my kind, my bonnie May.

HURRA FOR SCOTLAND'S HIGHLAND
LAKES.

THE mist is risin' aff the brae,
The sunbeams stream upon the vale,
The waters throw a siller spray,
The breeze fills up our snaw-white sail.
Our wherry, like a water-witch,
Is gliding on wi' canty glee—
Hurra for Scotland's Highland lakes,
Her cliffs and rising hills for me.

Hurra for Scotland's Highland lakes,
Her cliffs and rising hills for me.

Ben Nevis stands wi' frosty pow,
And bids defiance to the blast ;
Ben Lomond's ancient hoary brow
Throws back your memory to the past ;
Ben Cruachan speaks o' Druid rites,
O' bards and chiefs o' ilk degree—
Hurra for Scotland's Highland lakes,
Her cliffs and rising hills for me.

Hurra for Scotland's, &c.

166 HURRA FOR SCOTLAND'S HIGHLAND LAKES.

In Scotland's cause aye gallantly
Her heroes stood the battle's brunt,
For Bannockburn was Scotland's day,
And freedom sealed the covenant.
The slave wha steps upon our shores,
Upon his chains he tramples free—
Hurra for Scotland's Highland lakes,
Her cliffs and rising hills for me.
Hurra for Scotland's, &c.

My bosom swells wi' patriot pride,
That sic a land o' birth is mine,
When gazin' up the mountain side,
The great, the gay, the grand, divine ;
This is the land o' love and sang,
O' rugged rock and flowery lee—
Hurra for Scotland's Highland lakes,
Her cliffs and rising hills for me.
Hurra for Scotland's, &c.

THE BRAES ABOON ELLERSLIE.

Do you mind o' the time when twa bairns we ran
By the wimpling burnie, and sang han' in han',
As danced ower the meadow the gowd-glowing beam
Whaur the minnows were glancin' that played in
the stream ?

Wi' our posy o' gowans and buttercup flowers,
We cowered 'neath the yew frae the warm sunny
showers :

Then our thoughts were as pure as the dew on the pea,
And your innocent joys were a' pleasures to me,
My ain bonnie Jessie, my meek winsome Jessie,
As we roamed on the braes aboon sweet Ellerslie.

Do you mind o' the time ? 'twas a gowd summer morn,
And the lav'rock sang high 'boon the long waving
corn ;

The herd on the braeside was chantin' a tune,
On the hill's caller breeze cam' the heather's perfume.
I was blate, and I stammered and blushed by your
side,
As I asked you, my dear, gin you would be my bride.

Wi' the low on your cheek, and the smile in your ee,
You sighed your consent, and was a'thing to me,
My ain bonnie Jessie, my meek winsome Jessie,
As we roamed on the braes aboon sweet Ellerslie.

The dimple's aye there on your cheek and your chin,
And your kind happy face speaks o' pleasure within,
And the glance is aye bright in your bonnie blue ee,
Like the clear star o' hope bringing pleasures to me;
Aye the choice o' my fancy as when you entwined
Your affections wi' mine ever lo'esome and kind.
Like the fain cooing cushats alane in the grove,
We will fend aye thegither, and live but to love,
My ain bonnie Jessie, my meek winsome Jessie,
And roam on the braes aboon sweet Ellerslie.

YE WHA WOULD RISE TO WORTHY
HONOUR.

YE wha would rise to worthy honour,
Start in youth's aspiring day;

Steady keep your e'e upon her,
Onward, upward, climb the brae.
And should you slide a wee thing backward,
Use your pith and never fear ;
Try again—to turn is awkward—
Hope wi' patience, persevere.

And should you meet an honest brither,
Help him forward if you can ;
Aye be kind to ane anither—
Selfish loons are faes to man.
Prize the counsel o' your betters
Like the apple o' your e'e ;
Spurn corruption's galling fetters,
Stand by truth's integrity.

Aye be thrifty, wise, and steady ;
Squander little you can hain ;
Fortune's but a fickle lady,
Naked runs the rowin' stane.
Poverty's a plague o' terror,
Ruined folly's pangs are snell ;
Though forgotten, what is fairer
When the coof forgets himsel' ?

Never crack your country's credit,
 Never stain her honoured name ;
 To her cause be truly wedded,
 Like her mountains stands her fame.
 Life has mony a care to pest us,
 And our nature mony a flaw ;
 There's joys to come like those that's left us,
 Gear to won we never saw.

WHEN YELLOW SUNBEAMS LEFT THE WEST.

WHEN yellow sunbeams left the west,
 And gloamin' kissed departin' day,
 And smilin', glided aff to rest
 In clouds o' beauty far away,
 By Kelvin waters would we stray,
 And at the three-tree fount ha'e ta'en
 The joys o' love, my bonnie May,
 That gowd and gear could never gain.

The merle sang aboon his nest,
 Where bathed the brambles in the stream ;

The mavis swelled his speckled breast
Wi' notes to e'enin's setting beam.
My fancy, filled wi' mony a dream,
Beheld the gladness o' the day
That would wi' wealth o' pleasure teem,
And make you mine, my bonnie May.

And life was fu' o' joys to me,
When you were by to ha'e a share ;
And nature's charms had mair to gi'e,
For you to me had made them mair,
And lightened kindly a' my care.
Wi' Eden bliss my heart was gay,
And love made a' the world fair,
And you its queen, my bonnie May.

SHADOWS ON THE WA'.

LIFE's but a blink o' changin' scenes wi' a' that's done
and said,
The vain and vacant pride o' caste, the substance and
the shade ;

Wi' fashion's gauds and vain parades, and mony a
gewgaw,

Whase glitter has nae mair o' worth than shadows
on the wa' ;

Wi' lang strings o' genealogy that brag o' mortal date
Frae Norman Will o' warlike skill, wha gi'ed them
sic estate.

He plundered frae the Saxon lads, and left them
nocht ava' ,

But glorious name o' ancient fame, the shadows on
the wa' .

Here ilk ane rides his hobby, frae the dreamers o'
romance

To him wha sneers and tells us, a' in nature comes
by chance ;

To him wha studies nocht but stock or scrip, and
screeds o' law,

Substantial facts o' world's gear—nae shadows on the
wa' ;

Wi' fame and fortune hunters frae the mansions o'
the great,

A' beggin' leave to dabble in the councils o' the
state,

Bowing to the cotter wi' a sleek and bland fracaw,
Whase help he gets, and pays him back wi' shadows
on the wa'.

Ambition mounts the ladder, frae the lowly born chield
To him wha draws the sword o' blood upon the flood
and field ;

But see ! yon birkie's missed his foot, and gotten sic
a fa',

That a' his frien's in terror's fled like shadows frae
the wa'.

It's but a scene frae downs to ups, and then frae ups
to downs,

An elbowing through the crowd o' life and bustle o'
the towns,

To swell the noise o' consequence, and what is 't after a'
Butwind blawn in a piper's bag, or shadows on the wa'.

OUR AIN BONNIE ISLE

GAE, gather your laurels, you sons o' my hame,
And rise like our eagles on pinions o' fame ;
Your sinews are braced by the gales that blaw forth
Frai the rich caves o' Boreas'neath snaws o' the north ;

Where Scotia fosters, o'er mountain and glen,
Her fresh rosy lasses and braw sturdy men ;
Surely Venus arose frae our waves, for her smile
Is bequeathed to the maids o' our ain bonnie isle.

With a spirit in battle you stand till you die,
And the same spirit bids you be noble and free ;
For your ain Scotland's credit, integrity brings
The honesty deep frae your heart's purer springs.
When you meet frae your hames in ocht climes
'tween the poles,
Nae cauld selfish swither the passions controls ;
Wi' the wring o' the hand come the tear-showers
the while
Frae the leal warm hearts o' our ain bonnie isle.

Thought the climes o' the sun ha'e their flowerets o'bloom,
The warm balmy breezes are sick wi' perfume ;
The snake's in the grove, and the birds canna sing
Like the warblers that waken our valleys o' spring ;
And the fame o' their plumage, that echoes sae loud,
But charms like the gay fading scene in the cloud ;
And the voice o' the patriot stands up for the soil
O' grandeur and glory, our ain bonnie isle.

ROBIN BURNS.

APOLLO ance had broke his reed,
And a' his rhymes were stale and dry ;
He seized his harp to try a screed,
But, scowling, dashed the music by,
And sent the muses to inspire
Fair Scotland's bard wi' gift to rise
A strain divine wi' nature's fire,
And sing the sang that never dies.

Wi' rural lay the rustic bard,
Sae fu' o' love and feelings leal,
Struck sweet the lyre, and aft was heard
Its bolder tones o' patriot zeal.
Wi' raptures glad Apollo sang,
For Burns the minstrel's wreath had won ;
Fame blew his praises loud and lang,
And genius blest her favourite son.

And beauty ta'en him to her arms,
Wi' laverock notes the welkins rang ;
And nature smiled wi' sweeter charms,
The birds rejoiced and blither sang.

Clear danced ilk stream wi' glintin' sheen,
The hills and glens were glad in turns;
Love sweeter spak' frae brighter een
A' lo'ed their poet, Robin Burns.

Truth was wi' him the magic spell
Gar't elves and kelpies tak' their flight;
It dang the clootie de'il himsel',
The witches danced awa' frae sight.
Age lifted up the brow o' care
As when he hailed youth's morning sun;
Hypocrisy would gang nae mair
To Holy Fair wi' daffin' Fun.

Mankind he held in friendship dear,
That flowing free his muse did glide,
Like torrent wild or streamlet clear,
Sic was the bard o' Scotland's pride.
Whilst ages die awa' in time,
And a' their changes come in turns,
She still will lo'e her prince o' rhyme,
Her Bruce, her Wallace, and her Burns.

THE AULD SPINNING-WHEEL

IN yon lane ruined cottage, wi' moss-theekit wa',
Whaur Boreas is drifting his cauld flecks o' snew,
There ance by its ingle, and smirking wi' glee,
Sat winning sweet Menie, the pride o' the lea,
Wha merrily span o'er the gowd summer day,
And carded the woo' for our hame hoddin' grey ;
Sae lightsome and gleesome rang mirth through the
biel,
As she sang to the hum o' the auld spinning-wheel,
The auld spinning-wheel, the auld spinning-wheel,
And smiled by the cheek o' the auld spinning-wheel.

And blithe orphan Johnnie, the grandfather's care,
Sat down 'tween his knees at the auld arm-chair ;
The pet o' the clachan, wi' prattles and play,
Brought auld folk in mind o' their youth's gowden
day.

There gathered at e'enin' the lads o' the glen,
Wha drew to the cheer o' the kind cozy den,
While shy pawkie love to their bosoms would steal,
And sighed for the lass at the auld spinning-wheel,

The auld spinning-wheel, the auld spinning-wheel,
For innocence bloomed by the auld spinning-wheel

O time, thou destroyer o' ilk thing we ha'e—
Love's first fond caresses and life's sunny May—
Why banish the pléasures o' youth and its cheer,
The visions o' fancy sae lo'esome and dear ?
How dowie we wander, unheeded, alane,
When the friends that we cherished are scattered
and gane,
Or a' in this warld that lo'ed us sae weel
Are lifeless and still as the auld spinning-wheel,
The auld spinning-wheel, the auld spinning-wheel—
For hushed is the hum o' the auld spinning-wheel.

MY HIGHLAND LASSIE.

WHERE Clutha's singing siller stream
Glides on by briery den and clachan,
There lives a lass wi' slae-black een,
And rosy face aye glad wi' laughin'.
Sweet as smiles o' sunny May
When first adorned wi' opening blossom,

Modest as the summer's gay,
Love lowes couthie in her bosom.
Nature formed my Highland lassie's
Winning charms, my bonnie lassie,
Wi' a' the beauty she could gi'e,
And smiling blessed my Highland lassie.

The rose may take young fancy's e'e,
Or snawdrap drooping in the e'enin' ;
But fair as them, and sweet as she,
Wi' love's ain light, like morning beamin'
Brightly frae her heart sae dear,
Wi' kindly glance that fills the feelin',
Wiling a' my fancy near
To her wi' a' its bliss revealin' ;
Meek and snawbroo'd, gleesome lassie,
Handsome, artless, bonnie lassie,
Gi'e nae better joys to me
Than aye to lo'e my Highland lassie.

Gaily did she jilt the laird
Wha offered mense o' gowd and mailin',
And skipping o'er the gowany sward,
Poured in my bosom a' her feelin'.

Ye powers aboon, wha sent us here
The joys o' love wi' a' its treasure,
Gi'e me but my kindly dear,
My world o' wealth and heart o' pleasure—
Life's best hope, my Highland lassie,
A' my ain, my bonnie lassie,
Guardian angel o' my bliss,
And e'er will be, my Highland lassie.

ALBION, OUR HOME.

DEAR Albion, for ever the home of our pride,
Still bold in the spirit that power cannot quell,
Where rages the battle, or rages the tide,
We'll stand to defend where our fathers have fell.
Free as the eagles, free were we born,
And the fair queen of liberty reigns on our throne ;
We are free, and we come at the call of the horn,
And for all that we love as our own.
We will fight for sweet Albion, our home—
Aye, and conquer for Albion, our home !

The thunder now silently sleeps in repose,
But let the invader come here when he dare,
Then Britain, thy vengeance will burst on our foes,
With wrath-pealing rage 'mid the tempest of war.
Should oppression e'er fetter thy sons in her chain,
The shades of thy patriots would leap from the grave,
And their voice from thy ruins would rouse thee again,
And rally to glory thy hosts of the brave
To fight for sweet Albion, our home—
Aye, and conquer for Albion, our home !

The freedom we love is the pride of our fame,
And born in our blood, it gives strength to our will ;
From the veteran race of the fearless we came,
And the hearts of our patriots are here with us still.
We are free, and our war-word be 'Freedom to man ;'
When the sword is unsheathed, we turn not to fly,
But onward to grapple the foe in the van ;
By the standard of honour we stand till we die,
And fight for sweet Albion, our home—
Aye, and conquer for Albion, our home !

LILLY WI' THE GOWDEN LOCKS.

THE loch was like a sheet o' glass,
A shinin' mirror to the moon,
Wha like a meek and modest lass
Drew on her veil o' clouds aboon ;
The cushat cuddled wi' his mate,
The linnet nestled 'mang the whin,
The bat flew o'er the castle gate,
Whaur lovers met the heart to win—
As Lilly wi' the gowden locks,
Couthie and as blithe as ony,
Left her bleatin' tender flocks,
And brought her smiles and love to Johnnie.

Then sat they on a foggy bed
'Mid the wild-flowers and the heather,
And their louping hearts were glad,
Mingling a' their love together.
What to them was world's gear,
Pomp and glitter void o' feelin' !
They were a' to ither dear—
That to them was wealth and mailin'.
Lilly wi' the gowden locks, &c.

At farmer's kirn or gaudy ball
Lilly led the dance fu' airy,
Flew alang the garnished hall
Like a canty winnin' fairy.
Lads kept glintin wi' their e'e,
Teasin' aye and pu'in' at her ;
Love to them she wouldna gi'e,
And set the country in a flutter.
Lilly wi' the gowden locks, &c.

DEAR SCOTLAND IS MY NAME.

DEAR Scotland is my hame, the bonnie music o' herrills
Is wafted by the caller breeze atour a thousand hills ;
The snaw-white thorn blossom and the heather-bell
 for me,
And a' the woodland's e'enin' sangs that echo o'er
 the lea.
Hurra for Scotland's sturdy cliffs that dare the foamin'
 wave,
The land that aye was freedom's ain, her island of the
 brave,

Where reign the wild and beautiful, the lofty and
the grand,
O'er a' my snaw-clad mountain hame, my ain, my
native land.

Dear Scotland is my hame, where love wi' an
enchanted cord

Bound me to her the first I wooed and silently adored,
Whase passion spoke in blushes wi' the looks that
told the whole

O' secret thoughts she strave to hide, but couldna
weel control.

These happy days were dear to me, and 'mid my
hopes and fears,

My Caledon was aye my ain through storms of after-
years,

Where reigns the wild and beautiful, the lofty and
the grand,

O'er a' my snaw-clad mountain hame, my ain, my
native land.

Dear Scotland is my hame, and a' its friendship
binds me here,

To me her fame is sacred, her honour ever dear;

The reapers' sang delights my ear that dances through
the glen,
As merry rings their cheery laugh o'er corn-rig and fen,
And welcome comes the harvest-hame, and dance
upon the green,
And beauty cheers the ingle when the lads came hame
at e'en ;
Where reigns the wild and beautiful, the lofty and
the grand,
O'er a' my snaw-clad mountain hame, my ain, my
native land.

THE MAID OF ARROCHAR.

WHEN daylight grows dim on the high mountain's broo,
And the roun' sun gaes down in an ocean of blue,
And clouds gowd and crimson beam down on the sea,
The maiden of Arrochar comes to meet me,
The dear maid of Arrochar comes to meet me.

Then light-loupin' joy to my bosom will steal,
As she leans on the heart that has lo'ed her sae weel,
And round a' the May-smile of gladness I see,
When the maiden of Arrochar comes to meet me,
When the dear maid of Arrochar comes to meet me.

The blithe mirth of nature on loftiest wings,
Frae the fir-scented woodlands in melody rings
Thro' the calm e'enin' scenes, the concert of glee,
When the maiden of Arrochar comes to meet me,
When the dear maid of Arrochar comes to meet me.

The hills where the buttercup kisses her feet,
And the vale echoes far wi' the lamb's bonnie bleat,
To me ha'e the beauties a world canna gie,
Where the maiden of Arrochar comes to meet me,
Where the dear maid of Arrochar comes to meet me.

O love, lowin' love, bending kings to thy will,
Aye fondly and fu' in my bosom be still,
And the kind bonnie queen of my hame ever be
The Arrochar maiden that comes to meet me,
The Arrochar maiden that comes to meet me.

ARDGOWAN'S GOWAN LEA.

BLITHE spring puts on her summer claes,
Bespangled o'er wi' blossoms fair,
And tinged wi' gowd, the heathery braes
With fragrance fill the balmy air ;

The happy gull skims o'er the tide,
The solan suns him on the sea,
And buskit like a blooming bride
Is sweet Ardgowan's gowan lea.

For Jamie I ha'e waited lang,
Through stormy winter's sleet and hail ;
Its dreary days nae tidings brang,
Nor fickle winds his spreading sail.
I lookit dowie down the Clyde,
Its grandeur had nae charms for me,
For mony pangs were mine to bide
In sweet Ardgowan's gowan lea.

Now brighter beams the gowden sun,
And blither seems the robin's sang ;
The cuckoo's hymn o' love's begun ;
The woods ring cheery a' day lang.
The echo rises in the glen,
And joins in nature's joyfu' glee,
And a' because he's come again
To sweet Ardgowan's gowan lea.

And when the warbling laverocks fa'
Frae yonder vault o' heaven so hie ;

Or by Ardgowan's turret ha',
The thrush sleeps on the linden tree,
In peacefu' shades o' e'enin' grey ;
The trysting hour he's meeting me,
Gi'es sweeter charms to flower and spray
In sweet Ardgowan's gowan lea.

SONG O' THE CLUTHA.

STREAM of my love, dear meandering Clutha,
In gay days of mirth, when my summers were young,
Oft on thy sun-sheeny wavelets, my Clutha,
Gleesome and gladsome, I buoyantly sprung.
Blithe rose the sang of the mavis to e'enin' ;
Blithe rose our mirth on the glad gowan green ;
Blithe rose the strain of the maiden when gleanin',
Wha nursed the dear passion she dred would be seen.

Beauty is born on thy bosom, my Clutha,
Sweet are thy brier-scented walks in the dawn ;
Love has her bowers by thy waters, my Clutha,
Where verdure and bloom deck the wide flowery lawn.

Fondest remembrance is warm in my bosom,
Joys that's awa, and can ne'er come again ;
Joys when young beauty was full in its blossom,
And love's teasing pangs woudna let us alone.

Winding through groves of enchantment, my Clutha,
Winding through thickets and woodlands of sang ;
Spring buds are dressing thy beauties, my Clutha,
Nature hath garnished thy grandeur alang.
Onward still flowing for ever and ever,
Through scenes of the mountain and scenes of the vale ;
Where age tells of youth joys, forgetting thee never,
And youth aye has love-joys frae love's pawkie tale.

Winter's wide mantle of mist round my Clutha,
O'er frost-hoary plantin's and snaw-theekit yew,
Hides but thy riches of landscape, my Clutha,
Which summer wi' smiles can relieve to the view.
Blossoms of beauty still dearer and dearer,
And sweet as the fresh blooming flowers of the lea,
Are maidens of Clutha, wha nearer and nearer
Ha'e won a' our heart's love to them and to thee.

THE BRAES OF THE FINNART.

THE lakes of the west in their beauty are sleeping,
And meltingly blending in crimson and blue ;
The clouds on the mountains their watchings are
keeping,
While gloamin' is gliding awa frae the view ;
The whin braes of Finnart on Clutha are smiling,
And wreathed wi' the flowerets that summer can gi'e,
While the anthems o' e'enin' bewitchingly wilin',
Are fu' of the love of my Mary and me.

Awa wi' the themes cauld reality measures
To shill the sweet happiness innocence gains ;
Oh, when will the glitter of tinsel and treasures
Gi'e pleasures like love in her silvery chains.
The palace of beauty I treasure the dearest
Is yon theekit cot in the breast of the lea,
It keeps a' the wealth to my bosom the nearest,
My riches of life is my Mary to me.

Yon rock sylvan bower on the braes of the Finnart,
'Twas nature that made it a birk-shaded den,

There the thoughts of our fancy enraptured ha'e wan'ert
Through regions of pleasures that lovers but ken.
The linnet has sung to the vows we ha'e plighted
For aye to be happy as happy can be ;
And hope read the dreams that sae sweetly delighted
Of joys that are coming to Mary and me.

GLEN ARDGOWAN.

THE bloom is on the pea and rowan,
And the flourish on the thorn ;
There's sunny joys o'er Glen Ardgowan
Coming wi' the maiden morn.
Birds wi' bosoms gladly swelling,
Ring their love-notes far aboon ;
Nature, sweet is thy dwelling,
'Mang the flowery wreaths o' June.

Gaudy is the summer deckin'
Bonnie Carswell Castle dell ;
Larkfield Knowes o' broom and breckin'
Sing the love we canna tell.
Come, dear May, when fields in blossom
Charm the sunbeams in the air ;

Sangs o' streams may cheer my bosom,
 But wi' you they cheer me mair.

Happy flees the twittering swallow,
 And the wagtail on the stream
 Listens as the mavis mellow
 Strains o' praise in raptures teem ;
 Gladness sings o'er Glen Ardgowan,
 Beauty beaming to the sea,
 Beams wi' warmer love-light lowin'
 When your beauty beam'd on me.

Rosy dawn wi' muse inspiring
 Floods its grandeur on my view ;
 A' in nature I'm admiring,
 Is but nature blest wi' you.
 I ha'e shared her pleasures cheery,
 Sang her sangs wi' canty glee ;
 Strains where I can never weary
 Singing o' the love o' thee.

END.

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